THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
No. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1963. }

A FORESHADOWING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWYN HURD.

If the thick shadow which now lies
Athwart the path my feet must tread,
Shuts out the sunshine overhead,
And makes me dark to others' eyes;

If doors that opened to my knock
Stand closed against me; if, thus torn,
Lips that have kissed me, in loud scorn
Make me a byword and a mock;

If, where I put trust overmuch,
The weight falls; if old friends and tried,
With shut mouths turn their steps aside,
Or draw their garments from my touch;

Be thou unchanged: keep the old faith
That builded up a trust in me;
Let not my eyes, tear-blinded, see
The shadow of a bitterer death

Than my last hour brings; say, in thought,
"We two have trodden the same ways:
I, who know all his yesterdays,
Believe his honor hath no spot."

Say this, and let thy quiet eyes
Brighten with proud light at my name,
Albeit clothed with reddest shame—
And give indignant scorn to lies.

Whatever taunt the world shall make,
However deep its curses smite,
Believe they wound not; that through night
The broad light of the day shall break.

Then, rising up with heart content,
Baring my forehead to the sun,
I will pray, "God! Thy will be done—
Take back the little Thou hast lent.

"I have wrought feebly at the best:—
And those whose paths came up with mine
Have gone beyond me. I am Thine.
My work is done now—give me rest."

Then, haply, when my voice is stilled,
And a dead silence pleads for me,
Love may arise from memory,
The emptied urn may be refilled.

Lawrence, Massachusetts.

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER X.

ANNIE BRENNINGTON.

Annie Brennington was staying at the house of James Hammond (where, you may remember, Freckles gave out in his flight from Birmingham,) during her father's absence in the city. Her mother being dead, and having neither brother nor sister, her father was unwilling that she should remain at home alone while the country was so unsettled; so whenever he was obliged to leave home, she went to James Hammond's, where she was always welcomed by Hannah, with whom she was an especial favorite. Hannah had no children, but was blessed with an abundant supply of the maternal instinct, which she lavished upon all the young people she liked; a list that comprised pretty nearly every one of them she knew.

Annie's nature, as I have said before, was one to reciprocate this to the full, and consequently there existed between them very much the affection of mother and daughter.—Hannah knew of her attachment to Roney, but, being rather garrulously inclined, had not been informed of their engagement, lest, in some unguarded moment, she might blurt out some allusion to it before Mr. Brennington or some of her friends, who would be sure to carry it to him. Annie had not intended to conceal it for any length of time from her father, and had several times made up her mind to tell him all, but each time her heart failed her as she approached the subject, and she had let it go by, resolving that the next time she *would* tell him, and know the worst. The great difficulty was, that her father never in any way alluded to Roney, leaving the burden of introducing his name entirely to her, and at this point she always faltered. So, the matter had gone on for several months, and the decision was apparently no nearer than at the beginning.

Roney had been so much occupied, since the battle, in scouring the country, that he had had few opportunities of seeing Annie, and she never knew when to expect him. She had contrived on this occasion, however, to send him word that she was at Hammond's, and was now sitting at the window alone, James and his wife having gone to meeting, and anxiously watching for him, listening to every hoof-beat that approached the house, and wondering whether she would recognize that of Freckles before he came in sight, around the corner of the porch. Horse after horse went by, some walking, some pounding along in the heavy trot that farm horses indulge in, and of which my bones retain an indignant remembrance, until, just as she had begun to despair of his coming, she heard the quick, light patter of the hoofs of a horse approaching at a rapid canter, very unlike the heavy thump, thump of the plough horses that had previously passed.

"There he comes! there he comes!" she exclaimed, joyfully, springing to her feet, and looking eagerly through the window, and then hastening to the door as her lover turned the corner of the house, and galloped up.

He was out of the saddle, and had sprung up the steps and met her before she had fairly reached the edge of the porch, leaving Freckles to take care of himself, which he did by quietly walking to the barnyard, where he stood soberly, with his head over the gate, until the hired man came up, and recognizing him, led him into the stable, and relieved him of the saddle and bridle.

Roney stood in the porch with his right hand clasped in both of Annie's, and his left around her waist, and a very nice waist it was, too; not one of your little, drawn-in, thread-paper affairs, that a stout arm hesitates about resting on, for fear it might break it in two, but a solid, sensible waist, of good flesh and blood, and just large enough to fill Roney's arm comfortably.

"I'm so glad thee's come, Roney," she said, with her soft, velvet eyes looking into his; "I'm so glad thee's come at last. I began to be afraid thee hadn't got my message, or thee wasn't able to come; it has been two weeks since I saw thee."

"I know, darling," said Roney; "it's seemed like two years to me, but you know I would have come if I could. I've been driven about from pillar to post all the time, never knowing in the morning where I'd be at night; they've done me the favor to offer a reward for me along with the Squire and Jem Gilmer, and I have to keep a sharp look-out."

"They are not hunting thee, Roney?" she exclaimed, in alarm.

"I don't know," he answered, with a quiet smile, "whether they're actually hunting me or not, but I know there's a reward of fifty pounds offered to any one who will deliver the body of one Roney Baldwin, a rebel in arms, within the British lines. If they catch 'one Roney Baldwin' I'll give 'em leave to take him there."

"Oh, Roney, won't thee be careful and not expose thyself? Thee don't know who might betray thee," said she, nestling closer to him, and passing her arm around him, as if to protect him.

"Don't be afraid, Annie," he answered; "I know all in this part of the country who would be likely to think of such a thing, and I've no fear they'll catch me asleep; but don't talk any more about it."

"Well," said she, "I wish all this fighting was over, and the country at peace again. I don't believe thee cares as much for me as thee does for riding about the country and getting thyself into danger, anyhow." She added, half-petulantly, "I don't see why thee can't come to see me oftener."

It was one of those sudden choppings about of feeling and temper which assail women as well as men sometimes, and which are about as accountable as the chopping about of the wind.

Roney was taken as flat aback by it as ever was ship upon the ocean by the wind.—He could not understand it; he looked earnestly at her, to see if she were jesting, but he could see no fun in her eyes. He felt hurt.—Conscious that he had spared no effort to see her, that his riding over the country was in pursuance of a higher duty to which he had devoted himself, and with which he felt that no personal feeling should be suffered to interfere, he was at a loss to understand this sudden change of manner. Moreover, he thought that if Annie cared for him as he had a right to expect, if she really loved and trusted him, his being absent longer than usual ought, *ipso facto*, to be evidence that there was good reason for it. Besides, he had just one of those proud tempers that would not let him stoop to defend himself as a culprit, against wrongful charges from those who ought to have trusted him; so he stood silent, with a cold, heavy sternness settling down like ice at his heart, utterly disproportioned to the slight cause which had produced it, but which he was unable even to make an effort to throw off.

He was all wrong. Annie loved him as deeply as he loved her, and trusted him with an absolute faith which never dreamed of admitting a question. Her remark was simply an outbreak of the singleness and strength of her affection, which, for the moment, forgot everything but him and his prolonged absence from her.

They had left the porch, and were walking slowly together along a lane bordered by hedgerows, which led to the woods about a quarter of a mile from the house, both silent; Roney feeling as I have before described, and Annie with a feeling that she had said more than she ought to have said, but also with a very decided unwillingness to volunteer any such confession; she could not help thinking, also, that he ought to have made allowance for the feeling which had caused the remark, forgetting that, though she understood it, he did not; just as *he* forgot that she could not know all the causes which had kept him from meeting her sooner; and so they walked sadly and silently to the edge of the woods, and sat down side by side on a large log. It was a quiet, retired place, where there was no danger of interruption, screened from sight by the hedge on one side, and the leaves which were still thick upon the trees and bushes, on the other. Roney, by this time, aided partly by his natural good sense and partly by the influence of the still, holy Sabbath morning, and that indefinable tenderness of feeling which the autumn days always bring when their influence is not resisted, began to return to reason, and, as a consequence, to feel as though he was acting foolishly and unreasonably.

Annie's mind had been undergoing very much the same process; and as Roney was about to speak, he felt her arm around his neck, and her soft cheek laid against his. His own arm very naturally took the same relative position, and all misunderstanding was at an end in an instant. There were tears in the dear child's eyes, (for she was little more than a child,) as she pressed his cheek to hers and said tenderly,

"Don't mind what I said, Roney; I didn't mean anything by it; I'm so sorry I hurt thy feelings by my foolishness; thee won't mind it, will thee?"

"No, darling," answered Roney—there was no ice about his heart now, "no, I've had nothing to mind; it was natural for you to feel so, and I was a fool—"

"There," said she, smiling through her tears, and placing her hand over his mouth, "thee shan't call thyself any such names; thee may blame thyself a little if thee'd much rather, but it was nearly all my fault; for I *do* trust thee, Roney, and I know thee comes to me as often as thy duty will let thee."

The clouds were all gone, and the two lovers sat together talking quietly and seriously, but with perfect sympathy of heart and mind.

"Does your father know it yet, Annie?" inquired Roney at length, after they had talked over their rather dull prospects for some time.

"No," she answered, "I've never had courage to tell him. If he'd only ask about thee, Roney, or say something about thee, so that I could lead him to it, I think I could tell him all; but he never mentions thy name. I wish he could see this war as thee does; I know he likes thee, but he says so many hard things about the rebels, as he calls them, that I am afraid ever to mention thy name to him for fear he might say something hard about thee, too."

"He couldn't say anything that I wouldn't be glad to forgive for your sake, Annie, as well as for his own. If all the Royalists were such men as he and Joseph Chandler are, King George's cause would be a great deal the better for it. By the way, do you know there was a visitor at your house last night? At least, he was on the way there?"

"A visitor? No, who was it?"

"Why, little Abe Spicer from Kennett.—Jem Gilmer saw him as he was coming over to Squire Chandler's."

Roney now proceeded to give an account of Jem's meeting with Abe, much to Annie's amusement.

"But I wish he would quit coming," she said, "and quit dancing around me so whenever we are in company together; he might see I don't like it." Annie forgot that her effort to conceal her dislike for fear of hurting Abe's feelings, had, perhaps, caused her to appear more pleased with his attentions than she meant to—"he might see I don't like it; but he has never said anything I could take hold of and answer so as to make an end of it. I almost wish he would."

"I think he will, Annie," answered Roney, "I think he will if he gets a chance. His courage was wonderfully screwed up last night, Jem said, judging from the way he was talking to himself. I shouldn't wonder if he'd pop the question next seventh-day night."

"I hope not!" said Annie, in sudden alarm, "I don't know what to say if he should. How shall I answer him?"

"Oh, just say whatever comes uppermost; it don't make much difference what, so it isn't like what you said to me," answered Roney, laughing; "I don't care about your saying *that*."

Annie laughed and blushed together; for she and Roney had said several things on the occasion alluded to, which I don't intend to repeat, because they were meant to be strictly confidential, and were neither your business nor mine; and, besides, they were a great deal more interesting and sensible, springing fresh and warm from heart to heart, than they would be if coldly scribbled down on paper by me.

"But seriously, Annie," he continued, "if he keeps on annoying you in this way I'll have to put a stop to it; he knows well enough you don't like it, and he only keeps it up because he's such a conceited monkey that he thinks no girl can keep from falling in love with him, sooner or later, if he pays her any attention."

"Well," said she, "if he gives me a good chance I'll try to satisfy him that there is one, at least, that can keep from it. But we had better go back to the house," she added, looking at the sun, "they must have got back from meeting before this time, and Hannah will think I'm lost; I didn't tell her thee was coming."

They rose from the log and strolled slowly along the close lane towards the house, where they found Hannah standing in the porch, looking in every direction for Annie.

"Ah! that's where thee was, eh!" said she; "come in, thee naughty child; I begun to be afeard thee had run off and got lost in the woods; come in, Roney, I haven't seen thee since the day after the battle when thee stopped here with Molly Chandler; I s'pose thee's not in such a hurry to get away as thee was then," she added, with a sly look at Annie, which brought a bright flush to her cheek, "thee must come in to dinner, and I'm going to make thee tell me all about the battle; does thee remember how grumpy thee was when I wanted thee to tell me before?"

"Yes, I remember it very well," said Roney, "and I was very sorry for it afterwards, Hannah, for you were very kind to me in every way; but, the fact is, I was very tired, and worried and anxious about the Squire, and I hardly knew what I was saying. But I'll tell you all about it this afternoon."

"I know, I know," said the good-hearted woman. "I don't wonder at it, at all. Thee mustn't think I mentioned it because I was offended, for I wasn't a bit."

At this moment James Hammond came in from the barn, where he had been putting up his horse, and having seen Freckles in the stall and recognized him, was not surprised at the appearance of Roney. He greeted him cordially, without asking any indiscreet questions about the reason of his visit, which he understood well enough, for his wife, who could no more have helped telling her husband everything she knew, than water could have helped running down hill, had made him acquainted, as far as her own knowledge extended, with the state of affairs between her two favorites, and with a good many conjectures besides.

"But why didn't thee tell us Roney was coming?" inquired he of Annie.

"I didn't know it myself," she answered, blushing; "I knew he was in the neighborhood, and I thought maybe he might come."

"Now come into dinner," said Hannah, "or it will all be cold; James, do thee take thy seat there," pointing to the head of the table where a fine turkey was waiting to be carved, "and, Roney, thee sit here, and Annie on the other side of the table, and now reach to and help yourselves."

As soon as the dinner was fairly in progress, Hannah reminded Roney of his promise, and he proceeded to give her and her husband a minute account of the battle and his adventures up to the present time; James listening with silent gravity, and, Hannah, with eager interest, breaking out every now and then into exclamations of "do tell," "well, I never," &c., as the narrator graphically described the various exciting incidents of the unhappy eleventh of September, from the time he and the Squire had left home in the morning until she had found him standing over his horse opposite her door in the evening; and afterwards his own adventures, and the escape of Jem Gilmer and the Squire on the preceding night. The last was new to Annie also, and though she had abounding faith in her lover's ability to take care of himself, she felt a very lively satisfaction in knowing that Jem, and not Roney, had been the hero of the night race across William Willson's meadow.

"I would like to see that Jem Gilmer," said James, "it was a bold and a risky thing in him, to lead the chase after himself, that way."

"Yes, it was," said Roney; "but Jem doesn't care for risks, and, I don't believe he has any idea of what fear is."

"I'm afraid he'll get thee into some dreadful danger, with his recklessness, Roney," said Annie, "I wish thee wasn't so much with him."

"Jem's not reckless, Annie," answered Roney; "he knows there is no horse in the British army that can catch his chestnut in a fair race, and he is always on the lookout for surprises; but he's not a man to run away from a noise, or to leave a troop of soldiers in his rear without knowing what they're after. He suspected that this party was after the Squire, from their turning down the Concord Road towards his house. He knew the Squire was at home, for he was on his way there to meet him, and he couldn't possibly have got there without being seen; so he took the wisest plan, of showing himself in time to draw them off. He told me he didn't think of running them over the wall, 'till a minute before he showed himself. It was well for the Squire he did think of it, for I don't believe anything else could have saved him."

"I wonder they didn't go to his house, as it was," said James.

"They knew it was no use; they must have heard Jem as he galloped out from under the wagon house and out by the lane, and known that he would alarm the Squire; and besides, they must have had their hands full getting their hurt men back to Philadelphia."

"Does thee know where Thomas is, now, Roney?" inquired Hannah.

"I don't think he's far off," said a voice at the door.

All present turned to look, and beheld a broad, square-built man, in the dress of a day laborer, standing in the doorway.

"It's the Squire himself," said Roney, springing from his chair, and taking him eagerly by the hand.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Hannah, "who'd have thought it?"

The farmer rose from his seat, and shook him by the hand cordially, for they were old acquaintances and friends.

"Take a seat and have some dinner, Thomas," said Hannah, placing a chair for him; "this is Annie Brennington," indicating the latter, by a slight gesture, "a young friend of ours."

"This is Annie, is it?" said the Squire; "I've heard a good deal about you, from Roney, and I'm very glad to know you."

"What does Roney say about me," inquired she, with a slight blush; "nothing bad, I hope."

"Oh, he says a great many things, that I don't think you'd want me to tell everybody. Maybe I'll tell them in your ear sometime."

"Did you see anything of the soldiers after you left the house last night?" asked Roney, who saw that Annie looked embarrassed, and wished to change the conversation, "they didn't go to your house at all."

"Yes," answered the Squire; "I didn't go far from home, but kept about in the woods. In a quarter of an hour or so after I left, I heard them coming along the Street Road. I hitched my horse back in the woods and crept up on foot near to the edge, and saw them go past at a walk; three of their men were riding double, and nearly all the horses were limping."

"Do you know how that happened?" inquired Roney.

"I couldn't imagine, at the time," answered the Squire, "but I went back home towards morning, and John Talbot told me all he knew about it. Gilmer stopped at the house this morning after he left you, and told me the whole story. The thing was well done; but I doubt if many other men could have done it. He told me you were coming over here, and who was staying here," he added, looking at Annie, with a smile that lighted up his grave swarthy features very pleasantly, "and I made no doubt I should find you."

"Is thee going to take him away?" inquired Hannah, asking the very question that Annie was longing to ask, only she didn't like to.

"Not yet awhile," answered the Squire; "I don't believe I could get him away yet; if he has no objections, and Annie has none, I'll ride back with him this evening."

The dinner was by this time over, and the two elder men spent the afternoon in conversation about the war and its prospects. James Hammond was inclined, with a large part of the inhabitants of that region, to consider the case hopeless, while the Squire spoke with certainty of ultimate success. He never suffered himself, for a moment to doubt it, and succeeded finally in inspiring James with some of his own hopefulness.

In the meantime, Roney and Annie Brennington had improved the opportunity to take another stroll, and spent the afternoon in conversation of a somewhat different character, and much more to their own edification than it would be to that of any one else. Though they walked home together, their real parting was accomplished, with the usual ceremonies in such cases, in the quiet lane, where there was nobody to criticise it. The apparent parting, which was accomplished on the porch an hour afterwards, was of the most orderly description, consisting of a shake of the hand, with a "good-bye, Annie," and a "farewell, Roney," all done and said in the most proper and matter-of-fact way conceivable. Nevertheless, poor Annie, after watching them from the corner of the porch until she could see them no longer, went into a dark corner of the parlor and wept silently.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTOR.

The months had gone by. The British had remained near Birmingham until the 16th of September, when they moved towards Philadelphia, passing by "The Turk," mentioned in the early part of my story. It took its name from the tavern which stood on the East side of the Wilmington Road, about a hundred yards south of the great road to Lancaster; its sign was embellished with an authentic portrait of a Turk, by an artist who had never seen one. However, it was a well-known fact that all Turks wore turbans and great beards, and were very truculent fellows generally, so the artist had made a face with as much savageness as he could throw into it by means of a very black beard, and very big eyes, staring from beneath extremely bushy black eyebrows, surmounted by a huge pile of white cloth, twisted into impossible folds, to represent the turban. The town is now one of some five thousand inhabitants, and one of the loveliest inland towns in the State, well and compactly built, and blessed with everything that can make it desirable as a residence. At the time I speak of, however, the "Turk" was almost the only building there. The British army, in its march, had passed over the ground where the court-house now stands; there had been a slight skirmish with the Americans, near the Warren tavern, which was ended by the retreat of the latter, whose scanty ammunition had been ruined by heavy rains; the division under Wayne, which was encamped at the Paoli, had been surprised and almost cut to pieces on the night of the 20th of September; the enemy were guided, it is said, along a disused road, where no sentinel had been posted, by a Tory farmer of the neighborhood;—if I knew his name, I would hold it up for all decent men to hiss at; for all American children to couple with that of Arnold; I would make it a synonym for cowardly meanness and bloodthirsty treachery; I would spread it on a blank page, as a farmer spreads a pole-cat on his barn door.

On the 25th they entered Philadelphia, the Americans having previously withdrawn, and the Congress having removed to Lancaster and subsequently to York. The battle of Germantown had been fought and lost by a causeless panic; and while Abe Spicer was in the fence corner, laboring at his poem, down at Kennett, the shores of the Delaware were echoing with the roar of battle at Red Bank, and by the time he had finished it the British were retreating to Philadelphia, leaving the fort in possession of its defenders, and Count Donop lying dead before it. Verily, small things and great sometimes come together curiously.

In less than a month afterwards the taking of Fort Mifflin by the British made this victory of no use, as it became necessary to evacuate the defences at Red Bank, and the obstructions in the river which had turned Howe to the Chesapeake Bay, were at last removed so that the fleet could come to the city.

The Autumn had gone by. The glory of the October colors in the forest had given place to the sober russet of November; the dreamy, warm, hazy Indian summer had come and gone, and the December snow was all over the land and upon the ice-locked rivers; and tracking it with bloody footsteps, the patriot army had marched to their dreary and desolate winter quarters at Valley Forge. Among the bleak hills lay eleven thousand men through the whole of that terrible winter, sullenly but firmly enduring such privations and sufferings as no army had ever endured before for any length of time. Men sat night after night by the camp fires, 'till the stars went out in the grey dawn, because they had no blankets to sleep in. More than a quarter of the whole force were reported unfit for duty, "barefoot and otherwise naked." Famine stared them in the face, and more than once laid her gaunt claws upon them; and Washington was compelled, most reluctantly, to send out foraging parties to seize corn and cattle, lumber, provisions, anything that could be carried or driven. Certificates and receipts were given to the persons from whom these things were taken, many of which remain to this day as heir looms in their families, having never been redeemed, and those which were redeemed were paid in the depreciated Continental currency, of which over thirty millions were afloat, and which was valued when offered in payment at about pound for pound in weight.

One Saturday afternoon, while affairs were in this state, as evening was drawing near, Sam burst into the room where William Willson and his wife were seated at supper, breathless and in a high state of excitement:

"Massa Willson! Massa Willson," he exclaimed as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak, "der's a comp'ny o'sojers a comin up de road!"

"Soldiers," said his master, "what kind? British?"

"Don' know, sa; did'n' stop to speak to um."

"What kind of coats had they," asked the farmer; "were they red?"

"No, sa," said Sam, "dey wan't no colo' in partic'lar, some o' dem hadn't no coats at all; on'y ragged ole blankets."

"It must be a foraging party from Valley Forge," said the farmer, looking uneasily at his wife, "and there are our hogs just slaughtered, and all the lumber that has been seasoning for the new house; it will be a great loss to us, if they take them, Sally."

"So it will, William," answered his wife, with a sigh, "but surely they won't take them."

"I'm very much afraid they will," he answered; "they are in very bad case over there, and won't be apt to pay much attention to what we think or say about their right to take them. We won't be the first they've served so."

"Well," said she, as a knock was heard at the door, "I s'pose we'll have to submit."

The door was opened, and an officer stepped into the room.

"Who lives here?" he inquired civilly enough, though with a slight dash of military peremptoriness in his tone.

"*I* live here;" answered William, laconically.

"So I suppose," said the officer, dryly; "but may I ask your name?"

"My name is William Willson," was the answer; "what does thee want to know for?"

"I want food and shelter for my men, for the night, and to-morrow I want to procure such supplies as I can, in the neighborhood, for the army. We are short of everything, and it has become necessary to forage for them through the country. It is no more than fair that you who stay at home should help to feed and clothe those who are risking their lives for your liberty."

"I don't mean to argue the matter with thee," answered the farmer, quietly; "thee has the power on thy side, and must do as pleases thee."

"I don't wish to take advantage of any power I may have, Mr. Willson," said the officer, "I had very much rather that the aid we need were given willingly: we don't wish to oppress any one, but the army *must* be supported, and you see how we are situated."

"Well, I don't want to argue the question," said William, "and I am perfectly willing to give thee and thy men the shelter and food thee asks for. If thee will bring them in to the fire we will have some supper got."

"Thank you," said the officer, stepping to the door and giving a brief order to his men.

They filed into the large kitchen, stacked their arms, and gathered around the fire, a motley and uncouth looking set, in every variety of dilapidated costume; some with blankets, as described by Sam, some with ragged military coats, one or two with sound shoes, and the rest with toes peeping out, frost-bitten and inflamed, and some with pieces of bark tied to their soles by means of rags which were wound over their feet and around the ankles in place of stockings. They looked wan and hunger-pinched, and the kind-hearted wife forgot her dismay at their errand, in pity for their forlorn condition.

They were soon gathered around the table, devouring eagerly the food which had been placed before them, making fearful inroads on the bread and butter and bacon with which the table was liberally furnished. Tea there was

noms, and a decoction of roasted beans took the place of coffee, Sally Willson being too wise to place before a gang of ravenous foragers any of the small stock of "store" coffee she had in the house.

After they were satisfied, the men huddled around the fire-place where the blaze of a bright wood-fire was crackling and roaring up the mighty chimney, while their officer sat on the bench which filled one end of it, giving the news from the army, and describing their sufferings and privations in a way that forced many an expression of pity and sympathy from Sarah, notwithstanding her extreme disapproval of his errand in this particular instance.

In the course of the evening, the weather grew milder and it began to rain, and towards nine o'clock, Abram Willson, who had been away from home for a day or two, came in, drenched to the skin, having been caught in the rain on horseback. He looked somewhat surprised at the seedy-looking, unexpected guests and their stacked-up muskets, but greeted them civilly on his father's brief introduction. A place was made for him near the fire and he sat down to dry himself, having first taken off his upper coat, which he hung in the corner to dry.

The early bed-time of the country was soon at hand, and it became necessary for the farmer to dispose of his self-appointed guests. All of the soldiers but two were sent to the barn; the two were to sleep on the kitchen floor by the fire, and the officer was shown to the "best" bed-room, by Sarah, who had a lurking hope that this attention might have a good effect on the next day's foraging arrangements.

Abram had already gone to divest himself of his wet clothing, the farmer and his wife had retired to their own room, and the kitchen was left to the possession of the two soldiers and Sam, who immediately disposed himself for the night in his usual fashion—to wit, with his feet close to the ashes and his head wrapped up in a horse-blanket. About midnight one of the soldiers cautiously raised his head and turned towards the negro who was snoring furiously in the depths of his woolly covering. After watching him for a minute, and seeing no indications of arousing, he carefully raised himself and crept over on tip-toe to his companion, and laid his hand lightly on his arm. The latter opened his eyes at once, and was about to speak, when his companion instantly put his finger on his own lips, with a meaning glance at Sam. He then pointed to Abram's coat which was still hanging in the fire-place, and went through sundry pantomimic motions indicative of rummaging pockets, which were sufficiently intelligible. The other grinned and nodded assent, and the first one, stooping close to him and pointing at Sam with a backward jerk of his elbow, whispered,

"You look out for the nigger, and I'll try it; if he goes to speak, or shows the white of his eye, neck him."

So saying he rose cautiously, and proceeded to examine the pockets. There was not much in them, but among the contents was a leather purse containing a small amount in gold, which Abram had been keeping for emergencies, ever since specie had begun to disappear from the country. Though the amount was small, its loss would be a serious inconvenience to him, and it was quite enough to make the two scoundrels chuckle over their good luck, and their eyes to glisten at the long unaccustomed sight. They divided the money carefully, avoiding any chinking together of the pieces, and lay down again, after having favored Sam with a final scrutiny. The latter's snoring never wavered for an instant, and the two heroes addressed themselves to sleep with a comfortable certainty that the affair had been very nicely managed indeed.

So it had, but they were a little mistaken in regard to one point. Sam had heard the first man get up, but had wit enough to lie still and give no appearance of noticing what was going on. There was fortunately a small slit in the blanket with which his head was covered, and through this, he watched their motions with his eye half shut, snoring industriously all the while.

Early the next morning, he watched his opportunity, while Abram was at the barn looking after his horse, and informed him of what had taken place. The latter immediately went to the house, took down his coat, and found, upon examination, that the fact was as Sam had stated. He said nothing at the time, but waited until after breakfast, when the soldiers were formed outside the house. He then went up to the officer, and said to him,

"Friend, before thee does anything else, I have a complaint to make."

"What is it, sir?" inquired the officer.

"My pockets have been emptied, and my purse taken by two of thy men that slept in the house last night?"

"Are you sure of this?" said the officer; "I think you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! I left my coat in the fireplace to dry last night, with twenty guineas in gold in a leather purse in the right hand pocket; this morning the purse is gone."

The officer looked down, and bit his lip.

"Could you identify the men?" he asked. "I don't remember which of them slept in the house."

"*I* can't; for I had gone to bed before the men separated; but Sam, here, can; for he slept with them, and saw them take it."

The officer turned to his men and said,

"Men! a theft was committed in this house last night. Two of you, who slept in the kitchen, are charged with it. I don't know which of you it was, but I mean to find out, and punish the rascals who have disgraced us all and the cause we are fighting for. Form in line! Mr. Willson, will you point out the men you suspect?"

The men formed as they were ordered; and Sam was called forward.

"Now," said the officer, "who were the men you saw take the purse?"

Sam glanced along the row of faces, and hesitated.

"Well," said the officer, "speak out, if you see them; don't be afraid."

"You won't lef 'um do nuffin' to me, if I tell?" inquired Sam, anxiously.

"No, of course not; I'll take care of *them*, and none of the rest will want to hurt you."

"Well, sa," said Sam, "dat ar's one of 'um;" pointing with his chin to a ragged, red-nosed fellow, with a villainous squint, who stood near the right of the line, "an' dar's de toder," he added, indicating the man at the extreme left; one of the two or three who rejoiced in a whole pair of shoes; "dat ar feller's got his share o' de money in 'is right shoe, an' dis yer one's got 'um in 'is jacket pocket."

"Keep down your hand, sir!" spoke the officer quickly and sternly, as the fellow made an involuntary movement towards his pocket with it; "you, Flaker and Jones, lay down your arms and step out of the ranks."

The men did so.

"Search them," said he, laconically, nodding to a couple of the men who stood before him.

The culprits were then searched, or rather, having had no time to shift their booty, it was at once pounced upon, in the right shoe of the one and the pocket of the other, as Sam had described. The money was handed to the officer, who counted it; finding that it was all there, he handed it to Abram, saying,

"I am deeply mortified, Mr. Willson, that such an offence should have been committed by any under my command; I didn't suspect that I had any jail-birds under me; but I'll take care it isn't repeated; I will leave the naming of their punishment to you."

"Thee needn't punish them on my account," said Abram; "I am satisfied to have fastened the crime on the right ones, and got back the money, that I could ill spare. If I am to name the punishment, it would be to leave them to their own consciences."

"Their consciences are tough, sir," replied the other, smiling, "and they would think themselves very well off, to be touched in no tenderer place; I would willingly grant your request," he added, in a lower voice, "but it would not answer at all: I could not maintain discipline an hour, if I should pass over such a breach of it, to give it no worse name."

He then spoke in a louder tone, addressing himself to the quaking culprits:

"Now, gentlemen both, I'm going to favor you with a choice piece of instrumental music, called 'The Rogue's March;' and for want of drums, it shall be played on your own hides."

The company was then formed into two lines, about five feet apart, both facing inwards. The command "Order arms!" was given, followed by the heavy "thud" of the musket butts upon the wet ground.

"Draw ramrods!"

They were drawn.

"Now, Flaker, do me the favor to take your post there," pointing to the opening of the file; "you, Jones, go six paces in his rear; so; now, when I give the word, you will pass through—at a walk, mind you; we'll have the march played slowly, for fear of missing notes, and you, men, will each of you give them a blow, well laid on, as they pass."

The word was given, and his orders were obeyed to the letter, some of the blows being laid on with exceeding vigor. Flaker, when about half-way through, attempted to run, but was instantly collared, and, by the officer's order, marched back again to the entrance, and compelled to march slowly along the whole line, having made nothing by his motion but an increase of the beating.

"Now, gentlemen," said the officer, "I will let you off this time, with what you have had; the next time you won't get off so easily."

Part of the men were then ordered to the barn, and were soon engaged in disturbing the blessed Sabbath stillness by the sound of flails, as they threshed out some grain which was remaining in the sheaf, while the others went to work to tie three large hogs which had just been slaughtered, to a sled which they found in the wagon-house.

The owners of the property, as may be supposed, did not view these summary proceedings with any very amiable feelings, and Sam, in particular, who rather looked upon the hogs as his own peculiar property, was capering about in a high state of indignation, muttering to himself a choice assortment of "inverted blessings," which he kept for private use.

When this was finished, the officer turned to William Willson, and inquired,

"Whose lumber is that stacked at the other end of the barn?"

"That is lumber that was cut by me last summer, and is there seasoning for a house I expect to build in the spring," was the answer; "does thee mean to take that, too?"

"We must, Mr. Willson," was the reply; "we are sadly in want of stuff for building huts for the soldiers; I regret exceedingly the necessity, but it cannot be helped."

The officer then called some of his men to his assistance, and proceeded to measure the pieces. When he had finished, he wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to the farmer, remarking:

"We don't mean to rob you in taking these things, Mr. Willson; there is a receipt for all we have taken, at a fair valuation. If you will keep that, and present it when better times come, it will be redeemed."

The farmer took the receipt into his hands, read it over carefully, and then handed it back to him, saying,

"This is not correct."

"Not correct!" said the officer, looking at it, and comparing it with the paper on which he had made his calculations.

"Oh, yes; the wood has been fairly measured; you can go over the calculation yourself."

"I didn't say anything about the measures; the whole thing is wrong from beginning to end," answered the old man, whose wrath had been seething and fermenting since the day before, and now fairly boiled over, "and I won't take it!"

"But why not?"

"Because thee says thee *received* these things from me; thee did nothing of the kind; write that thee took them by force, and thee will come a great deal nearer the truth; as it is, it is a lie."

The hot blood mounted to the officer's face at this blunt statement of a very unpalatable fact, and he half drew his sword, but the stern old Quaker, grit to the backbone, never winced, but looked steadily in his face, and said, calmly,

"Thee needn't trouble thyself to vapor thy sword at me. Take what thee will, and begone! but don't ask me to take such a paper as that for pay."

The calm, unflinching demeaner of the old man brought his opponent at once to his senses; and dashing his sword back into the scabbard, with a muttered curse, he turned to the men, who had stopped their work, and were staring in astonishment at the old man's boldness.

"What the d—l are you gaping at? Yoke a pair of oxen to the cart, and pile that lumber in it; we must be back to the camp before night. As for you, sir," turning to the farmer, "you may thank your stars you are an old man, and a Quaker. If you were not, I'd make you eat your words at the sword's point."

The old man stood looking at him with cold composure, but vouchsafed no answer.

The soldiers worked rapidly under the sharp, peremptory orders of their leader, and in a few minutes were on their way towards the Street Road, taking with them the results of their foraging, loaded on William Willson's sled and cart, drawn by four of his best oxen, and leaving the receipt upon the ground, where the officer had dropped it in his sudden fit of anger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and is alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

THE CAVALIER.—In our next number we design commencing this last production of one of the most distinguished authors of the age. As it will probably run for some time in the paper, it will be, we think, of itself, a sufficient inducement to subscribe to THE POST. If other inducements, however, are wanted, we furnish them in a list of contributors that is not surpassed, if equalled, by any contemporary.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.—A meeting was recently held in this city, for the purpose of organizing a society for the protection and civilization of the Indians. One object is to see that the appropriations annually made to certain of the tribes, are expended in the establishment of schools for reading, writing, and instruction in agriculture, instead of being squandered in gaudy adornments, whiskey, &c., at fabulous prices.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192—Adults 98, and children 94

CLOSE OF CONGRESS.

The second session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress closed on Friday last. It may be styled emphatically a Do Nothing session. It is fairly amusing to call over the list of what was *not* done:

The Pacific Railroad Bill was *not* passed.

The Bill granting Pensions to the officers and soldiers of the War of 1812 was *not* passed—failing in the Senate, after being carried through the House.

The French Spoliation Bill was *not* passed—failing in the House in being taken up, after getting safely through the jaws of the Senate.

The resolution in favor of abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was *not* passed.

The Bill appropriating $30,000,000 to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba was *not* passed.

Authority to the President for a military occupation of Sonora and Chihuahua was *not* given.

The Homestead, Free-Farm Bill was *not* passed—failing in the Senate.

A Bill to alter and revise the Tariff was *not* passed.

The great lobby bill for new lines of Ocean Steamships was *not* passed.

The Agricultural College Bill, which donated some six millions of public lands to the States and Territories, was *not* passed; being vetoed by the President.

Authority to the President to employ the Army and Navy to enforce American rights on the Transit route, &c., was *not* given.

The Bill appropriating a large amount of money to Post Routes and the Post Office, was *not* passed.

So much for the Bills *not* passed. On the other hand, the usual bills appropriating the necessary sums to sustain the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments were passed—as also a Bill authorizing a re-issue of Treasury Notes to the amount of Twenty Millions of Dollars.

At the time we write this, it is not known whether the failure of the Post Office Appropriation will lead to an Extra Session.—That bill failed on account of the Senate's having adopted an amendment raising the price of letter postage from three to five cents. This the House considered unconstitutional, as all revenue measures must *originate* in the House, and the aforesaid amendment is open to the construction of being such a measure. The increase of postage in itself, is probably one of the most unpopular measures with the great mass of the community that could be adopted—and there is little doubt that people generally would rather see the whole bill fail as it has, than that the Senate's amendment should have prevailed. To raise the rates of postage seems like taking a step backward toward the dark ages. It is said that the Post Office should sustain itself; but we see no more reason that it should, than that the Judiciary should. If those who use the mails should bear the burden of them, why not those who use the Courts of Justice bear the burden of that Department too? Besides, if the Post Office were not saddled with loads of franked matter, with costly mail service, and was as economically managed as it might be, the present rates doubtless would not only pay all expenses, but leave a surplus over. We are convinced that we speak the sentiments of almost nine people out of ten, without distinction of party, when we deprecate any increase of the rates of postage, either of letters, of newspapers, or of magazines.

"BURNS AS A HAT PEG."

Under this title, a recent number of Dickens's "Household Words" alludes to the numerous celebrations in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. The writer says:—

These are, indeed, remarkable times. To be well aware that the memory of Burns is something to be proud of, is only to possess an idea which has been the common property of former generations. But to know that the memory of Burns is likewise something on which the smallest of us can hang up his own individual importance; something which may help the greediest of us to grub up our little handfull of money, and the obscurest of us to emit our little speech, is to make one of those rare and remunerative discoveries which we of the present generation may claim as peculiarly our own.

What will help me, Mr. Anybody, to make a long speech, and to get it reported in all the newspapers? What will procure me the privilege of telling an assembly of my much-enduring fellow-creatures that I have "sauntered with delight along the Banks o' Doon; that "I have stood in rapture on that spot where Ayr, gurgling, kissed its pebbled bed;" that I have "climbed" up this place, and "wandered through" that; and "looked with emotion" here, and "gazed with sorrow" there; and what will give me the pride and pleasure of actually seeing it in print the next morning? Heah, sirs! Just the memory of Burns.

The article proceeds to show the hollowness of much of this celebration business, by calling attention to the fact that the poet has a surviving daughter, to whom a little pecuniary assistance would be very grateful. The distinguished author, Thomas Carlyle, when these celebrations were being arranged for, called the attention of the various Committees to the wants of Mrs. Begg, but we believe that not in a single instance was anything done for her. One-tenth of the money squandered in these eatings and drinkings and speechifyings, would probably have made the indigent daughter of the poet comfortable for life; but not even that one-tenth was forthcoming. Would that some of our spirit-rapping friends could succeed in invoking the spirit of Burns, and asking him—than whom no man more despised all cant and sham—his opinion of the recent celebrations. If that opinion could be procured, in the usual terse and emphatic language of the peasant-bard, "eloquent orators" and their guzzling hearers would probably learn a few plain truths of themselves more wholesome than pleasant.

Wherefore, do I pray,
My book may lie upon no learned shelve,
But that in some deep summer eve. perchance,
Some woman, melancholy-eyed, and pale,
Whose heart, like mine, hath suffered, may this tale
Read by light mellowed with her own romance.

Lord Byron thus defined *negus*: "A wretched compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water."

THE LADYE OF ALLANDORE; OR, THE POISON GOBLET, by GEORGE LIPPARD, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a very particularly dark romance of the Dark Ages, and we are bound to say, that of all the blood-and-thunder books ever brought under our notice, this is altogether the bloodiest and most thundery. Red Chambers, Poison Goblets, Death Traps, Dreams of the Damned, Cells of the Doomed, Monks of the Holy Steel, subterranean vaults, scaffolds of torture, skulls, bones, coffins, graves, plots, parricides, fratricides, homicides, suicides, battle, murder and sudden death, crowd in one terrific conglomeration, the pages of this astounding composition! One fancies that the author must have gathered his materials while riding as a raving Bedlamite, astride a nightmare, through some Italian Horrorland of dreams. But his horrors only excite laughter and disgust, not terror.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. We agree with our Louisville friend that the "poor and friendless" should be protected when they appear as witnesses, or otherwise, in court, from the insolence of a certain class of lawyers; but we do not agree with him that Professor Horsford's standing and position should have gone for nothing. The antecedents of a witness may be of such a doubtful, not to say suspicious, character, that a lawyer would be justified in a course of examination which would be simply abusive in the case of another, who had a high reputation for integrity and truthfulness, the result of a life-long practice of the virtues. A Judge would not be justified in holding a council to the same respectful course of cross-questioning in the one case, as in the other. That kind *of* republican principle which holds one man to be just as good and respectable as another, without regard to the intellectual and moral character of the two, is just that kind which is bidding fair to ruin the country. If a man pays his debts, respects the laws, acts generally as a good citizen, and manifests more than the average ability or goodness, it should fairly entitle him to more respect and honor among his fellow-men, and when brought before their representatives, than if he had made himself notorious in just an opposite direction. Of course, we know that wisdom and virtue are their own exceeding great reward—but woe to the nation which makes no more of its wise and worthy citizens than of its ignorant and vicious ones! That nation is just as sure to go to destruction, unless its course be changed, as a vessel is sure to go to wreck, whose guidance is entrusted to the worst and most incompetent men on board. We can hardly doubt that, upon consideration, our correspondent will unite in this view.

J. R. B. You wish to obtain the life of "General Sam"—somebody, you forget the name. Probably it was Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas—although we do not remember that he was a great "Indian fighter," and "renowned for a boat fight with the Indians." Gen. Houston, for that matter, has lived on the frontier, and among the Indians, and considers them a much abused race. Perhaps our correspondent is thinking of *Uncle* Sam—and not "*General* Sam"—for the former has been a tremendous "Indian fighter" in his day—and can show a greater number of square leagues of land as the result of his fights, than all the Indians together can show scalps. To get the much coveted Indian territory, Uncle Sam, or his children, are always ready to accept an Indian war—and, if there is none at hand ready made, to make one.

STUDENT. If you have a Bible and a good Dictionary about, you never need be at a loss for instructive reading. As to the Bible, every one admits its worth and value—but the Dictionary is apt to be overlooked. And yet there is hardly any book from which you can get more useful information. If you really have a liking for instructive reading, just pick up your Dictionary some evening, and you will find it a most absorbing work. Then, for poetry—though the Bible is full of it—if you have a Shakespeare or Milton about—and take THE POST, you will be abundantly furnished; in fact there is too much reading, instead of too little, done by most people nowadays. Instead of doing their own work, everybody is *doing* the works of other people. And the mass of trash that is thrown off the printing press is immense—even we say this, who are interested in a book printing office. But the thing is beginning to work out its own cure. No sensible person, who has his or her own business to attend to, can pretend to read everything—and so the idea of doing so is abandoned at once, and a choice is made of what shall be read. For our own part, who have at least to chronicle, a vast load of books every year, we are tempted to cry, with the poet,

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumors of bookmakers' dull conceits,
Of unsuccessful or successful works,
Should never reach us more!"

DRAMA. The name of the "immortal bard"—if there is such a thing as immortality on this little dirt-ball of a planet—may be spelled Shakespeare or Shakspeare, the latter being generally preferred by scholars, as being in accordance with the poet's autograph, preserved in the British Museum. As for Shakspeare's works themselves, we are "old fogies" enough to think that a well-edited expurgated edition, in which all the filth should be cut out, would be much better for family reading than the complete text. While we do not mean to deny the wonderful genius of Shakspeare, we are fully persuaded that an amount of trash has been talked and written about him, which, if he only could have seen and heard it, would have thrown him into alternate convulsions of laughter and disgust. The mortal part of the "immortal" bard's genius is palpably and often painfully apparent. But in an age of political, literary and artistic cant and humbug, like the present, men are afraid to trust to their own perceptions of what is either great or decent, and therefore they bow down before images of brass and clay, and beslobber sensual satyrs as if they were so many Diana's nymphs.

A. R. Philadelphia is the largest city, as to extent of area, in the United States—and the one in which most necessaries and comforts can be had by poor men, for the least money. The number of small houses, renting from fifty to three hundred dollars, is very great. A large proportion of those which rent from $150 to $300 contain just as many conveniences—furnace in cellar, range in kitchen, bath room, gas, hydrant water, &c.,—as the more expensive houses. Then the large area over which the city is spread, and the conveniences above alluded to, are greatly conducive to the health of the city. The Northern portion of the city limits—the unbuilt portion, we mean, from Germantown to Chestnut Hill—is probably not surpassed for beauty of scenery by any portion of the United States. Being a limestone soil, and a rolling and picturesque country, it also is almost entirely free from chills and fevers. It abounds with springs and rivulets, which, moreover, do not dry up in the summer. In fact, it is one of the garden spots of the Union—as any stranger will say who visits it.

INQUIRER. Your London friend did not mean probably to call your attention to a work called "The Woman Eater." Probably he said "The Woman 'Ater"—meaning "The Woman Hater." Being a Londoner, he doubtless despises the letter h too much to use it, except in the wrong place.

THOMAS. We never require a fee for giving advice, though it would be perfectly right in us to imitate the example of the lawyers, physicians, and other professional men. We should not feel insulted, however, if such were offered; or, if we did, should pocket the insult, not being disposed to throw good money into any ugly fellow's face, and thereby possibly make him more ugly.

J. S. C. We know of no such charitable institution in this city

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 8, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—

Being safe again in these good United States, I will take up the thread of my sketches, tangled as they are by the rollings and pitchings of the "Black Warrior," in that rough old Gulf.

What a delusion the authors of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and "Life on the Ocean Wave," were laboring under at the season of those compositions! While lying in my berth, feeling like a barrel of water, with all internal arrangements on the shake, and my spine almost twisted into a corkscrew, I decided that the poetical idea of sea life is all a grand humbug, better to sing of than to realize.

Upon our return from Matanzas, we were very satisfactorily accommodated at Mrs. Almy's, which proved to be much the best hotel; and those who are experienced in Havana life, secure rooms at this hotel by writing, previously to leaving the States. It has the advantage over Mr. Wolcott's, by being in the heart of the city. There are a great many invalids here, and I have yet to see the first one who is not anxious to return to their own country.—All appear to be of one opinion, giving the preference to our Southern States, particularly Florida, which is universally acknowledged to have a climate equally as fine, the living much less expensive, and then being under our own Government is a charm of itself.

New Year's Day in Havana was exceedingly warm. The thermometer at one o'clock, P. M., stood at ninety degrees in the shade, and one hundred and twenty in the sun. It was too warm to be out of doors till quite late in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock in the evening we were riding in an open barouche, in full dress, without even a light shawl thrown over us.

We left Havana on the 3rd of this month, fully satisfied that we had seen enough to compensate us for all the inconveniences we had experienced. We would have enjoyed visiting Morro Castle, and our friends endeavored to obtain permits to that effect. But since the President's Message, the Captain-General has avoided granting permits to Americans; therefore, we were informed that extensive repairs were being made, making it very inconvenient to receive visitors.

The clerks at the hotels appear to make quite a business of getting your passports from the officer, and purchasing tickets for the departing guests. I thought it was through kind feelings; but we soon discovered the love of money was greater than the love of accommodation. The passage money was thirty dollars apiece to New Orleans, and six dollars was charged for putting you and your baggage on board ship, and procuring a permission to leave. Experience is a great *institution*. One gentleman, who understood these matters, went on board the ship, there bought his ticket, and kept the extra six dollars in his pocket.—Various demonstrations were made by the gentlemen at the idea of being swindled so completely. All seemed to be in the same ship, in more senses than one—which somewhat abated their excitement.

We gathered on deck to take our last view of Cuba, and remained there I suppose as much as *fifteen minutes*, when suddenly there was a general stampede for the cabin. The waves in the gulf were running very high, and the moment we left the bay, we had to battle with these waves, which produced a general *upside downishness*.

After getting out of range of "Morro," I ventured to remark I thought the Island ought to belong to us, but was not prepared to propose the most approved method of Americanizing Havana.

After tossing about in the gulf till Thursday at two o'clock, we crossed the bar and entered the Mississippi River. It rained hard all the afternoon, and our delight at getting in smooth water was made manifest in various ways. Some of the ladies had sufficient energy to remain on deck in the rain, determined to see all the sights. It became so foggy, however, we were forced to restrain our curiosity. We made slow progress, having to depend on the pilot at the mast head, who being above this dense fog, gave directions. There is nothing of interest till you near this city, when you see plantations with large orange groves. We reached the wharf at eleven o'clock, P. M.; no custom-house officers being about, we had to leave all our baggage, and proceed to the St. Charles Hotel, which we found crowded to excess. It being race week, and to-day being the Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, every body seems to have rushed to the city. For the first night we had a room under the sky-light; the next day, however, we were brought down two stories. There is a constant excitement at this hotel—it seems a world of itself.

Yesterday we were out at the races. There had been so much rain that the track was in bad condition, though the horses made excellent running time. The day was rather cold, so there were not as many ladies as usual on the

ground. The races are attended by the fashion and elite of the place. A great deal of order is maintained; though gambling of all descriptions is allowed within the grounds.

To-day this city is in the greatest excitement. But you will have particulars in the daily papers. General Scott is the hero of the day. He is looking finely. The homage rendered him, seems to have given him new life. His walk is as erect as ever,—he weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, and measures six feet five inches in his stockings. When in full uniform as to-day, he presents a very noble appearance. His voice is particularly soft and gentle. Leaving the old gentleman to fulfil the various duties of this life, I will turn to other matters.

We undertook to ride over the city, but the streets are in such a dreadful condition that we had to forego sight-seeing in that way. There are many fine residences here, and a great deal of display and fashion. There are great efforts made to produce an American style of living, but I think there is a strong French influence pervading everything. In the retail stores, there is a fine assortment of French goods, superior to anything I have ever seen in New York or Philadelphia. We are much pleased with the general appearance of the city. We had a fine drive on the shell road, leading out to the Lake. It is as level as a floor, giving a fine opportunity for trials of speed in trotting horses, which the gentlemen take pleasure in embracing.

We have found a visit to the French market one of the most entertaining events while here—such an assortment of meats, vegetables, fruits and flowers, is really beautiful. A bunch of sweet-scented violets are lying by me as I write, whispering of spring days and warm sunshine.

Our visit here will be quite short. We leave to-morrow afternoon for home, by way of Lake Pontchartrain and Mobile. We derive great enjoyment from being able to converse in a language which can be understood without an interpreter. It is a great privilege in travelling to make your own bargains; and in case of a swindling operation, to relieve your minds by expressions which will be understood.

I may give you in my next, a brief sketch of a visit to Charleston and Savannah—till then, Adieu. A.

NOTES BY AN EX-EDITOR.

PINCKNEYS—MCMAHON—JOE DAVIES, &c., &c.

During the first political campaign between Jackson and Adams, a paper was established in Baltimore, in support of the latter, entitled the "Marylander." It was edited by Edward C. Pinckney, Esq., a son of the celebrated lawyer and orator, William Pinckney, at one time U. S. Minister at the Court of St. Petersburgh. Mr. Pinckney, the editor, was a remarkably handsome man, possessed of very superior talents, but of rather an irascible disposition. He asserted in his paper that comments made upon his editorial articles would be deemed as personal and treated accordingly. Very soon thereafter, Mr. S., an editor of Philadelphia, gave offence by some remarks in his paper, upon the Marylander. Mr. Pinckney forthwith proceeded to Philadelphia to challenge him, but on his arrival first called at the office of the offending editor, to exact from him a written humiliating renunciation of the offensive remarks. An altercation ensued, and finally, by the interposition of the police, the parties were each held to bail, and a duel prevented. A venerable gentleman in the neighborhood of Baltimore, Mr. Frisby, a very warm advocate and friend of Gen. Jackson, frequently, in conversation, vehemently denounced the Marylander and its editor. Mr. P. sought him out to punish him, and stepping up to him with a cane, in threatening attitude, he inquired his name, and being answered, said he meant to chastise him. Mr. Frisby took off his hat and exposed his gray hairs, exclaiming, "I'm an old man, Mr. Pinckney; you're a young man, sir,—fire away, sir, fire away, and take all the credit you can get by it." Pinckney gave utterance to an expression of contempt, and turned off and left him. Though he wrote no great deal, yet he left enough to show that he was capable of superior excellence as a poet. He married one of the most beautiful of Baltimore's ladies, and to her he addressed the lines commencing—

"I fill this cup, to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A being of her gentle sex,
The seeming paragon."

He was also author of a beautiful serenade addressed to the same lovely lady, (before his marriage,) and which was very popular, and, I believe, is still occasionally sung; it begins—

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies."

During the period of his editorship, or just before, he published a small volume of poems long since out of print. He had three brothers, all talented. One (as he was himself) an officer in the Navy, another in some civil employment under government, and the youngest and only survivor of them, Frederick Pinckney, Esq., the present prosecuting attorney of the city of Baltimore. The life of the distinguished father, William Pinckney, has recently been written and published by his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Pinckney, lately of Bladensburgh, and now of Washington city.

About this period there came to reside in Baltimore a gentleman who had been a member of the Legislature from Allegheny County, John Van Lear McMahon, Esq. He made his *debut* at the bar in that city, in the District Court of the United States. He was trying a cause in which a witness had evidently sworn falsely. On recapitulating the evidence to the jury, McMahon asked,

"From whom, gentlemen, do you get this testimony?—from whom?" And then, shaking his finger at the witness, he exclaimed, "Why, from you, perjured villain, with a heart of marble and a face of bronze!" The witness slunk from the court-house.

On the trial in the City Criminal Court, of some young men, for the murder of Beckington Scott, in Roxton Lane, a place famous, or infamous, for its houses of ill fame, Mr. Jennings, the prosecutor for the State, commented upon the characters of the witnesses for the defence, whom he stigmatized as "fiends, who are all from this pandemonium." McMahon, in his reply, retorted—

"Well, gentlemen, if the State will go to hell for causes, who can it expect but fiends for witnesses?"

His clients were acquitted. He espoused the cause of Gen. Jackson for the Presidency, and often spoke in public meetings in the open air. He had the most powerfully clear and sonorous voice I ever listened to, and it could be distinctly heard and understood for an incredible distance. I think him the greatest *stump* orator I ever heard, not even excepting Mr. Clay. He wrote the history of Maryland in two octavo volumes, but it did not achieve for him any very high literary reputation. His practice was large, especially in the Criminal Court, where his eloquence was as effective as on the stump. He has retired from the Bar, but I believe still continues to reside in Baltimore.

In after years, I heard a great deal in Kentucky, and in the West generally, of Col. Joe Davies, who had a great reputation as an orator, and from what I could learn of him, and knew of McMahon, it struck me that their style of oratory was of the same school, and also that they resembled each other in person. McMahon was a tall man, raw-boned, light hair, prominent chin, and erect carriage, and always wore his shirt collar turned down and open, with a black cravat loosely tied around his neck, and invariably a frock coat. Such is also the description of Joe Davies, except that he wore a hunting shirt; and I have heard it said that McMahon used to wear one too, in his native county of Allegheny. The two are always associated in my mind together; the one, is always, to me, mnemonical of the other. Joe Davies was once trying a cause in a log cabin court-house in Kentucky. He appeared for a girl in a case of breach of promise of marriage. A Philadelphia "drummer" for a dry goods establishment, chanced to be in the house while he was speaking. An old man in Kentucky jeans and hunting-shirt, was leaning on his rifle and paying great attention to the orator, while tears were rolling down his cheeks. The Philadelphian inquired of him, "Who is that gentleman who is speaking?" The old hunter looked up and replied, "Mister, you must be a stranger in these parts. Who but Joe Davies could ever make *me* shed tears by the tin-full?" Davies was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. On one occasion he was accused by another member, of endeavoring to conceal his sentiments, on some subject then before the house. He arose and indignantly exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman accuses me of attempting to conceal my sentiments—conceal my sentiments! Sir, would to God that they might be written in stars, on the blue vault of Heaven, that all mankind might read them!" Davies was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, in which he behaved with great gallantry. His memory is still cherished, especially by the old folks in Kentucky and Indiana, with great veneration.

[*Note.*—I regret to learn that offence has been taken at some of my notes—none whatever was intended. I wrote of things after a long interval of time—and of reports, which, like memory, are fallible to a proverb.—*Ex-Editor.*]

THE SICKLES TRAGEDY
AT WASHINGTON.

The daily papers throughout the country have been crowded during the last week with the details of the tragedy which took place in Washington on Sunday, February 27th. We give below the substance of the whole matter.

Washington scandal has been busy for more than a year past with the names of Philip Barton Key, the United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, and Mrs. Sickles, the daughter of Mr. Antonio Bagioli, a music teacher of New York city, and wife of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, M. C., from the Third District of New York.

During the whole of the last session of Congress Mr. Key was constantly to be seen in President Square, opposite Mr. Sickles's Washington residence; and Mrs. Sickles was as constantly in his company at all places of public entertainment. In the interval of the Congressional recess, Mr. Key made a short visit to New York, still without exciting any absolute suspicion of positive impropriety in the mind of Mr. Sickles; although other friends of the unhappy lady, and among them her mother, repeatedly warned her of the fatal precipice on the brink of which she was permitting herself to trifle. It was hoped that the affair would come to an end of itself, and that one or both of the parties most nearly implicated would perceive the real drift of their conduct in time to avoid its almost inevitable consequences.

But, on the reassembling of Congress, and the return of Mrs. Sickles to Washington, Mr. Key's attentions, and the scandal consequent upon them, were revived with greater ardor than before. Mr. Key was a particularly noticeable man in point of personal appearance; tall, well formed, a much more athletic man than Mr. Sickles, and especially fond of exercise on horseback. He rode an iron-gray horse; and scarcely a day has passed since the return of Mrs. Sickles to the capital, on which his tall figure, his white riding-cap, well-trimmed moustache, and iron-gray horse might not have been seen two or three times in the course of the morning on the circuit of President Square, or at the door of Mr. Sickles's house, which stands quite alone on the north side of the square, and is a very conspicuous building of white stucco.

On the Thursday preceding the tragedy Mr. Sickles received a bundle of letters addressed to himself. Among them was an anonymous communication, which he either overlooked or did not open till Friday morning. This letter charged infidelity to her marriage vow on the part of Mrs. Sickles, and stated farther that Mr. Key had hired of a negro a house on Fifteenth street, between K and L streets; that Mr. Key's motive in hiring this dwelling was for the purpose of meeting Mrs. Sickles; and that Mrs. Sickles was in the habit of visiting Mr. Key at certain hours in the day.

The person and dress of Mrs. Sickles were accurately described, and the usual time of the interview specified. Accompanied by a friend, Mr. Sickles went to the house designated and found every statement of the anonymous writer corroborated. Mr. Key had taken the house: and he had constantly met there a lady answering very closely in description to Mrs. Sickles.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Sickles determined to confront his wife directly with his suspicions. At first Mrs. Sickles strongly denied her guilt: but on her husband's asking her whether, on the Wednesday previous, she had not entered the house on Fifteenth street, in a certain particular dress, and concealed by a hood, she cried out, "*I am betrayed and lost!*" and swooned away. On recovering her senses, she admitted her guilt, and besought mercy and pardon. Two persons in the house were sent for as witnesses, and, in their presence, Mrs. Sickles *made a full confession in writing*, stating that her connection with Mr. Key had commenced in April last, under Mr. Sickles's roof, but that Mr. Key had since hired the house in Fifteenth street, in which they had constantly met. Mrs. Sickles's confession was made in the midst of the bitterest contrition and misery. Her husband asked her to give him back her wedding-ring, and desired her to write to her mother to come and take her from his house forever.

Shortly after receiving his wife's confession, it is said, Mr. Sickles saw from the window Mr. Key pass the house waving his white handkerchief, the usual signal for a meeting. Seizing his pistols he rushed out of the house, found Key conversing with Mr. Butterworth, a friend of the parties, and instantly shot him.

There have been various statements more or less conflicting, with reference to this affair.—It is said that Mr. Butterworth had left Mr. Sickles's house at his instigation to stop Key and engage him in conversation, till he (Sickles) could come up and shoot him. This Butterworth denies in the following statement:—

MR. BUTTERWORTH'S STATEMENT.

In consequence of erroneous and false statements which have appeared in the public press in relation to the death of Mr. P. Barton Key, I feel it is necessary that I should state the facts, so far as I am connected with the occurrence.

On Sunday morning, about 12 o'clock, M., I received, at the house of a friend with whom I was staying, a note from the Hon. Mr. Sickles, saying: "*Dear B.: Come to me right away!*" which I showed to the Hon. Robert J. Walker and Senator Gwin, with whom I was then conversing. I asked the bearer of the note who was there, and said to my friends, "What can Mr. Sickles desire?"

I immediately went to the house of Mr. Sickles. On my arrival I found Mr. Sickles in his bedroom, lying on his face on his pillow, overwhelmed with grief. Some time elapsed before I could obtain from him an account of the cause of his affliction. He kept exclaiming, "I am a dishonored and ruined man, and cannot look you in the face!" "Finally he disclosed to me the following circumstances:

On Friday, Mr. Sickles received an anonymous letter, stating that his wife was in the habit of meeting Mr. P. Barton Key at a house on Fifteenth street, in the negro neighborhood. Through an agent, Mr. Sickles had ascertained that Mr. Key had rented a house in that neighborhood, and was in the habit of meeting a lady there, corresponding in dress and appearance to the wife of Mr. S.

Being possessed of these facts, he stated them to his wife on Saturday night. She said at once that she "perceived she was discovered," and thereupon made a full confession of her guilt in writing.

By this confession it appeared that this criminal intercourse had been going on since April, 1858—sometimes in the absence of Mr. S., at the house of her husband—and that at the commencement of the present session of Congress, Mr. Key had hired an untenanted house, on Fifteenth street, where they were in the habit of meeting frequently.

After he had apprised me of the foregoing facts, he consulted me as to the course he should pursue. I advised him to send his wife to her mother at New York—that, as it was now near the close of the session—it would excite no remark; that during the time intervening between the close of this session and the commencement of the next, he could go to Europe for a few months, and, in the meantime, a separation could be arranged between himself and his wife; that I presumed the affair was known only to one or two persons beyond mere surmise, and that for the honor of his little daughter and his wife's friends, this course should be pursued.

To this Mr. Sickles replied, "My friend, I would gladly pursue this course, but so abandoned, so reckless, have Key and my wife been, that all the negroes in that neighborhood, and I dare not say how many other persons, know all about the circumstances!"

I then left Mr. S. in his bedroom, and on going down stairs I met in the library Mr. Geo. B. Wooldridge, a Clerk of the House of Representatives. I said to him, "This is a terrible affair!" He then handed me the written statement made by Mrs. Sickles of her guilt, which was written and signed, as I was then informed, by Mrs. S. in the presence of two females, and witnessed by them. I read the statement, laid it down on the table, and said, "I will go down town for awhile, and return here again," and requested Mr. Wooldridge to say so to Mr. S. if he should inquire for me.

I immediately left the house and walked to the Club on Sixteenth street, drank a glass of ale with a friend, and slowly returned to the house of Mr. Sickles.

On entering the library again, Mr. Wooldridge informed me that Key had twice passed the house during the morning, and had a short time since waved his handkerchief three times as a signal.

While in conversation with Mr. Wooldridge, Mr. Sickles came into the library, and said that he had "seen the scoundrel making signals," and he added, "My God! this is horrible!"

I said, "Mr. Sickles, you must be calm, and look this matter square in the face. If there be a possibility of keeping the certain knowledge of this crime from the public, you must do nothing to destroy that possibility. You may be mistaken in your belief that it is known to the whole city."

He instantly replied, "No, no, my friend—I am not! It is already the town talk."

I then said, "If that be so, there is but one course left for you as a man of honor. You need no advice."

After a few moments' silence, Mr. S. said that he "was satisfied that Key had been in the Club house opposite," and what surprised him very much was, that his wife strenuously denied this, though freely confessing her guilt. He then walked into the hall and said to me, "Come, go over with me to Stuart's room in the Club house, and he may be able to inform me whether Key has a room there, and for what purpose he uses it." I assented, and walked out into the street, supposing that Mr. Sickles was following me. I left the house for this sole purpose.

When I left Mr. S. in the hall, I am satisfied that he had no weapons on his person. He was without his overcoat. He said nothing to me about weapons, or the probability of encountering Key.

I walked slowly down the avenue on the south side to the corner, and as I was crossing the street I saw Key advance a few steps toward me. He saluted me, saying,—"Good morning, Butterworth—what a fine day we have!" I responded, and said, "Have you come from the Club?" He said, "I have." I asked, "Is Stuart in his room?" He answered, "Yes, and he is quite unwell." I then said, "I am going up to see him; good morning!" and turned to leave him. As I did so, I saw Mr. Sickles for the first time after leaving his house, coming rapidly down Sixteenth street, on the side next the Square, and then near the corner.

I had walked about thirty feet on my way to the Club, when I heard Mr. S. exclaim, in a loud voice, "Key, you scoundrel, you have dishonored my house—you must die!"

I turned immediately, and saw Key thrust his hand into his vest or side coat pocket, and take a step in the direction of Mr. Sickles, and simultaneously I heard the discharge of a pistol. Key then rapidly advanced on Sickles, seized him with his left hand by the collar of his coat, and seemed to make an effort to strike with something in his right hand, which I then supposed to be a weapon. Mr. S. backed into the middle of the street, when he succeeded in extricating himself from Key's grasp, drew a pistol from his overcoat pocket, and presented it at Key, who retreated backward up Sixteenth street, toward the Club, and threw something at Sickles. Sickles followed, and when within ten feet, fired. I saw that Key was wounded. He staggered toward the sidewalk, saying,—"Don't shoot me!" He leaned for a moment against a tree, when Sickles advanced upon him, exploded a cap, and then fired the third time.

As Key was falling, Sickles frequently exclaimed, "You villain, you have dishonored my house, and you must die!" He uttered these words again while standing over Key with his revolver in his hand.

I took no part in the contest. I believed them both to be armed. When I left Mr. Sickles's house I had no thought of meeting or seeing Mr. Key, my object being to visit Mr. Stuart. I had no arms with me. I did not know that Mr. Sickles intended to take arms with him. He left the house after me, and, without any suggestion from me, came toward the Club on the north side of the square. When Mr. Key saluted me I did not know that Mr. Sickles was approaching, nor did I see him until I turned to leave Mr. Key. I did not see Mr. Sickles shoot Key after his fall, nor place his pistol in contact with his head or clothing.

After the third fire, I advanced and took Mr. Sickles's arm, and walked with him up Sixteenth street, and advised him to go to his house, or to the Attorney-General's. He did so. I returned to the scene and picked up an opera glass from the middle of the street, and gave it to Mr. Sickles.

This is the whole of my connection with this unfortunate occurrence. It is not true that I either sought or detained Mr. Key. He first addressed me, and our interview did not last one minute. I have known the late Mr. Key in New York and in Washington during the last ten years, and our relations have ever been of the most friendly character. I did not anticipate a collision on the Sabbath, though I did not doubt but that it would take place at an early day. SAMUEL F. BUTTERWORTH.

Mr. Butterworth's statement is substantially corroborated by Hon. Robert J. Walker, Senator Gwin of California, and Mr. Wooldridge, a clerk of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Sickles is now in jail in Washington, awaiting his trial.

The Monday following the murder, Mr. Key's death was announced in the Court of which he was the United States Attorney, resolutions of respect to his memory were passed and the Court adjourned.

THE FUNERAL.

Mr. Key's funeral took place during the week from his residence on C. Street, nearly opposite Col. Benton's house. The coffin was of mahogany, covered with black cloth, and heavily silver mounted. In it lay the body in full dress, viz.: black cloth coat and pants, white vest, and white kid gloves. In the hands was placed a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and inside the coffin were strewed japonicas, geranium leaves, and other exotics. On the coffin lid was a silver plate, bearing the following inscription: "Philip Barton Key, died February 27th, 1859, aged 39 years." The features of the deceased wore so life-like an expression as to make it difficult for the spectator to realize that the form lay in the stillness of death.

The funeral service of the Episcopal Church was read over the body, after which the coffin was placed in the hearse, and followed by a large concourse of people, was conveyed to the Railroad Depot for transmission to Baltimore city, accompanied by the pall bearers and other intimate friends of the deceased.

THE HOUSE OF MEETING.

The house at which Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles used to meet, is described as a substantial dwelling of brick, standing directly on the street. It is a queer building, two stories in height, narrow, with a roof slightly sloping toward the sidewalk, a small porch, and an L running back to a muddy alley. A wooden stable stands next door. A man, who belongs to the stable, says that he had almost every morning at nine or ten o'clock, seen Mr. Key, whom he knew by sight, enter the front door of the brick house. He came generally on foot, but sometimes on horseback, hitching his iron-gray to a convenient post. Others had seen Mrs. Sickles go in at the same door rarely; but he never had.

It seems that Mr. Key was in the habit of signifying his presence in the house by a red ribbon, hung from an upper window in the rear, which can be seen from the cross streets. Mrs. Sickles would walk down one of these, usually K street, which is nearest her house, and upon catching sight of the signal, would dart between the negro huts, up the blind alley, along one side of which runs a path, comparatively dry, and by a back gate would reach the trysting-place. Sometimes she was in her morning dress, sometimes disguised, often with her face enveloped in a close hood.

The house is conveniently near, being only two squares northerly, and one easterly of her husband's residence, which used to be occupied by Judge Woodbury, and is about equidistant from the White House, the War Department and the Jackson statue in the centre of the park on which it fronts. The landlord was a colored man, named John Gray, who stated that he received fifty dollars a month rent for his house, he having furnished it, &c.

MR. KEY'S ANTECEDENTS, &c.

Mr. Key was the son of Francis Bond Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and was connected with some of the most distinguished families in this country. One of his sisters is married to the Hon. George Pendleton, member of Congress from the Cincinnati district, and another is the widow of the lamented Lieutenant Blunt, of the navy. Chief Justice Taney is the uncle of Mr. Key, and he is connected with the Swanns and Carrolls, of Maryland.

Mrs. Key died some two years ago, very suddenly, and left four children. Since her death his health has been very much impaired and his spirits greatly depressed. She was the sister of John Swann, of Baltimore County, Maryland, a beautiful and highly accomplished lady, and her marriage with Mr. Key came near involving him in a duel with Col. May, who believed that Mr. K. had unfairly supplanted him in the affections of Miss S. Previously a brother of Key was killed in a duel by Midshipman Sherburne, of N. H., the quarrel also originating about a woman.

According to the most trustworthy accounts, it would seem that Mr. Key was not thought to be a libertine by those who knew him best. His health was such as, in their opinion, would preclude such a life. His nerves were shattered partially, it was believed, in consequence of grief for the loss of his wife, two years since. He never studied very hard, and of late relied mainly upon his natural talents for success at the bar. He was what some may call a "first-rate fellow;" ready at a joke or a frolic, and an excellent story-teller. He affected eccentricity in manner and costume; was uncouth in speech, and rough in address purposely. He would come to dinner with a riding whip under his arm, and was sometimes seen in the street wearing top boots and leather leggings. Notwithstanding these peculiarities he was intimate with gentlemen who stood well in Washington society, and was always at home in their houses. He was, in a word, a young man of fashion, who dared to be unconventional, and was able to be something else than a man about town. His talents were undoubted. He was lavish of money, spent a great deal on horse flesh, and would often hire a carriage—even in Washington, where one is so dear—to carry him a single square.

Before the fatal denouement of this unhallowed intercourse, Key had been time and again warned by his friends that something dangerous would grow from his criminal attachment. He was accustomed, however, to treat these friendly admonitions with an air of haughty bravado. He would listen to no remonstrance from any quarter. He is reported to have said last summer—who, although to one intimate with him, did not then suspect him of this—that he was for "French Intrigue. A fig for common license! French intrigue and romance, with a good spice of danger in it!"

It is said that he was accustomed to boast of his amours with Mrs. Sickles, and that at the National Club House the criminal intercourse between himself and her was well known, and formed the topic of conversation.

The *N. Y. Times* has the following:

"A distinguished member of the Bar, in this city, happened some time since to be dining with P. Barton Key, Esq., who has just ended his career at Washington. After dinner the conversation turned upon the constancy of women, and Mr. Key expressed and defended with great warmth the opinion that women were naturally inconstant, and could always be induced to transfer their affections to the last man who would address them with the requisite flatteries and appliances. He parted from his friend by pleasantly hoping that he might never practically realize the unsoundness of his own opinions, and by saying that he would send him a little poem he had translated from the Spanish, which embodied his own sentiments on the subject.

The next day he sent him the following:

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of that mighty river,

Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated—
A bright, wild, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a small, white, shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing.

Her words were three, and not one more;
What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore:
"Death—not Inconstancy."

And then she turned her languid eyes
So full on mine that, Devil take me!
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.

St. Francis might have been deceived
With such an eye and such a hand;
Yet one week more and I believed
As much the woman as the sand."

MRS. SICKLES.

Mrs. Sickles is said to be very beautiful. She married Mr. Sickles in 1853, and was then a young girl fresh from her school-life, and remarkable as now for something especially soft, lovely and youthful in the type of her very peculiar beauty. She is, as has been stated, of Italian origin, and possesses all the Italian lustre and depth of eye, united with a singular candor and delicacy of feature. She is now twenty two years of age, and has one child, a daughter. She and her husband lived in elegant style, occupying a house of $3,000 rent. Mrs. Sickles rode in a splendid carriage with outriders; wore jewels to the value of $5,000, and seemed to want nothing that she did not have.

She is represented as being very penitent, and is overwhelmed with grief. She declares that she has had enough of fashionable life in Washington, and prays for oblivion. She describes her husband, when he returned to the house after having accomplished his bloody work, as entering her room looking like a marble statue, only uttering the single sentence: "I have killed him."

She states that Mr. Key received an anonymous letter on Thursday night last, which he showed to her, warning him against continuing his visits at Mr. Sickles's house, calling his attention to the fact that he was much older than Mrs. Sickles, and ought not to pursue her, and assuring him that, unless he desisted, Mr. Sickles would detect him, and that in such an event the consequences would be serious, if not fatal, to one or both of the parties. It is believed that this letter was found upon the body of Mr. Key before the Coroner's inquest.

It is a sad commentary on the shallowness of the friendships in fashionable circles in Washington, that of all the gay throng which crowded the parties of Mrs. Sickles on the Thursday night preceding at her levee, but very few have condescended to call upon her in her misfortune.

MR. SICKLES.

On Mr. Sickles' arrival at the jail on Sunday night, he was placed in the cell devoted to prisoners charged with homicide, but the cell proved to be so full of vermin that it was found necessary to remove him to the jailor's room, where he has since remained. He has been visited by a large number of friends, including Judge Black, Secretary Cobb, Senator Broderick, J. W. Forney, Esq., Chevalier Wikoff, and Mr. Bagioli, father of Mrs. Sickles; also, by his counsel, Messrs. Chilton, Stanton, and Ratcliffe: and by his own father and mother.

He has received a great many despatches from all parts of the country from friends proffering sympathy and assistance.

He slept well on Sunday night, and has been cool and self-possessed, except once, when intimate friends called to see him, and some indiscreet remarks from some of them with respect to his wife and child drove him nearly frantic, and he tore his hair and gave way to passionate expressions of grief on their account. He rose early on Tuesday morning, smoked a cigar, and got a barber to shave him.

Public opinion at first set strongly in favor of Mr. Sickles, almost every man feeling that he himself would have acted substantially as the homicide did under similar circumstances; but as more and more light has been shed upon the previous history of the parties, the current has changed, and men ask whether Mr. Sickles was the man to cast this stone, or his wife the woman in whose behalf so bloody a revenge is excusable. Many of the papers speak strongly of Mr. Sickles's own past life, and of his carelessness of the marital rights of others, and general impurity in relation to women. The *N. Y. Independent* says, "he has made himself obnoxious to the laws of his country, to the terrific inquisition of his own conscience, and, above all, to the judgments of God. * * * Mr. Sickles has himself been notorious for his profligacies—and many will recognize the awful calamity which has fallen upon this man's house, as the righteous retribution of God, which at last commends the poisoned chalice to his own lips."

This article is attributed to the pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as likewise is a second article upon the corruption of social and political life at Washington, in the course of which we have this fearful objurgation:

"Out of this boiling and uneasy crater, just now comes a fiery flash, a rain of mud; and black clouds, full of sound and bolts, hang about it. Pride has reached forth a hand of lust, and vanity has clasped it. Then comes assassination to destroy the guilty plight. The papers are loaded down with the matter. There is not a hamlet or rancho on the continent in which this sore of depravity is not about to drop its ichor."

A NEW YORK SKETCH OF DANIEL E. SICKELS.

From the New York Evening Post.

Daniel E. Sickles is a somewhat notorious member of Congress from the Third District in this city. As a young man he gave great promise of future distinction and usefulness; but his political ambition getting him into bad political and personal associations, he very soon betrayed the promise of his youth. He is now about forty years of age, possesses a plausible and graceful manner, some facility as a speaker, and an imperturbable coolness in nearly all circumstances. He has been, for several years, a member of our State Legislature, in which, however, he achieved no honorable distinction. In 1855 he was married to Miss Bagioli, a girl of sixteen, just from school—the daughter of a well-known music teacher of this city, Antonio Bagioli—an upright, hard-working, and much respected man. His wife was an American woman, whose maiden name was Cook.

Mrs. Sickles was married to her husband at a time when she was not yet out of her girlhood, and she is even now but twenty-two years of age. The character of the husband too often corrupts that of the wife, particularly at the impressible period of early youth. "Curses," it is said in the old proverb, "come home to roost;" and so, it may be said with equal truth, do adulteries. Sickles was excluded from decent society in this city long ago; and it would be almost a miracle if, in the school to which he took his young wife, with her character yet unformed, she should have preserved her innocence.

We do not mean to extenuate the injury done by Key to the man who so coolly took his life; it is one of the greatest that one man can commit against another. But there are states of social existence in which mutual toleration is the rule of conduct, and Sickles, in acquiring so perfectly the morals, should also have acquired the philosophy of the class to which he belongs. It ill became him, who is so careless of his own conduct, to set on foot investigations into the morals of others, and to avenge a false step with death. No matter how nearly the offence touched him, he should have treated it as he treated criminal intrigues of the same nature in which his own wife was not concerned, as a trifling matter, as a pleasant jest, as a thing to be passed off with a sly allusion and a knowing look, in short, as something which the adulterous intriguer was welcome to chronicle among his triumphs.

The manslayer does not seem to have acted on the prompting of any sudden impulse, but to have perpetrated the deed with entire premeditation. He is represented as talking of the "dishonor" that had been done him, a term of strange sound when uttered by such a man. It is very likely that the desire of distinguishing himself by a deed of startling theatrical effect had some place in his motives.

ANOTHER NEW YORK SKETCH OF SICKLES.

From the Albany Evening Statesman.

The career of the individual who so pompously enacts the character of the "injured husband" in this domestic turmoil, is familiar to our citizens, as indeed it is known to the people of the entire State. He has a reputation for everything *but* integrity, honor, morality and manhood. If there is a moral vice with which he is not conversant—practically familiar—we think it must be indeed modern. Those who are familiar with the libertine career which first gave him possession of the unfortunate woman whom he calls wife, will not be surprised at the *denouement* of his married life. How she could so long preserve her purity through such an example is matter for conjecture. In a misfortune which ordinarily commands for a man so injured the sympathy of every human creature, he seems less entitled to the consolation to be derived from the condolence of his fellow-citizens than any man we ever knew. We can recollect no one act of his life that should bring him even the well-wishes of any mortal.

Some years ago—we think about six—he married his wife, then a young, volatile, wayward girl, but already, if common rumor be true, hiding her shame in a tardy marriage.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Mr. Sickles now occupies the jailor's room, for the convenient access of his friends, some of whom are in constant attendance upon him.

Mrs. Sickles still remains in the house at the west end, and the rumor that she had been arrested as a witness is untrue.

The following counsel have been retained by Mr. Sickles:—David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia; Edward M. Stanton, of California; Daniel Ratcliff and Samuel Chilton, of this city.

Mr. Sickles's dwelling was opposite the Washington Club House, and Key was accustomed to go up stairs to a window in the latter building, overlooking Sickles's house, and hang out signals to Mrs. Sickles. He would also go in Lafayette Square, wave his handkerchief at her, throw out kisses, and make profuse demonstrations of attachment.

The name of the Washington Club House, is a misnomer now, the club having been dissolved a year ago. The building is still used, however, as a private restaurant, and is much frequented by the fashionable young bloods of the town and their friends from abroad.

People in Washington wonder much how Mr. Sickles has been enabled to live as he has been living this winter. It is said that he received absolutely nothing from his father or his wife's relatives.

The whole affair has created the most tremendous excitement in Washington. Thousands of persons from the adjacent country came into the city during the week to visit the scene of the tragedy. At present every one is eagerly waiting the result of Mr. Sickles's trial, which will come off soon. There is very little doubt, we suppose, that he will be acquitted.

A FUNNY ELOPEMENT.—A couple of families residing in Albany, says the Standard of that city, have just had the peace and quiet of their house circles disturbed by a transaction which seems almost incredible. It is an elopement, and the parties are aged respectively fourteen and fifteen. The parties were attendants at a select school in a fashionable part of the city under a female teacher. Their attachment to each other was noticed by the rest of the scholars, and particularly by the school-mistress, who had, time and again, spoken to the girl in relation to her folly, she being too young for such conduct, &c., and also had more than once threatened to turn the boy out of school unless he put a stop to his proceedings. Yet all these remonstrances were of no avail. The young pair had evidently formed an attachment for each other that was not so easily broken. Everything had been neglected for each other's society. The girl's parents became acquainted with the facts, and informed her if she did not quit her foolish capers, they would be compelled to send her away. She informed her young lover of the same. Arrangements were effected, and both started off on the Central Railroad cars, on Saturday. They went to Utica, where the boy had an uncle living, and stopped there, the boy representing the girl as his mother's sister's daughter. They were entertained; but, before daylight on Sunday morning, the household were disturbed from their slumbers by the ringing of the door bell. The boy had stolen $64 from his father, and cleared. On discovering his loss, the father started in pursuit, and found him at Utica. But imagine his surprise when he found the daughter of his next-door neighbor in company with his boy. He labored under the impression that the boy had been playing a game on his own account, but it turned out to be a real elopement between the two. However, both were brought back to the city this morning, and lodged in their respective homes. It is evident that each of these youths have been greatly given to romantic reading, as this transaction fully illustrates. On searching the boy for the money, the father found a paper containing arsenic, showing conclusively, that, in case they were detected, they premeditated suicide. The girl has been locked up in a room, and the boy has received a good cowhiding.

THE helmet that Byron had made to wear in the Greek battles that he never fought, is now in South Boston, and so small that nine heads out of ten would more than fill it.

LIVING IN A CASTLE.

It came into our possession quite unexpectedly, as a legacy left by an old friend of my husband. It was described in the will as a messuage or tenement, although it was actually the remains of an old Norman castle. Lawyers are precise in their language, but certainly not descriptive; and there was no getting any correct idea of the place without a personal visit. The small woodcut and the two inches of history which we found respecting it in a book upon the Antiquities of Sussex were sufficient to excite our curiosity; but not sufficient to satisfy it. With as little delay as possible, my husband went down, and his letters were enthusiastic, not to say rapturous. He had always a strong passion for the middle ages (which, I must say, I never thoroughly shared), and I was not surprised when he suddenly returned, and gave an order for our immediate removal. It was rather late in a very fine autumn, and although we had only just come back from a lengthened stay at the seaside, we closed our London establishment once more, as my husband was bent upon passing the Christmas at his new property. There was something so novel and exciting in transplanting ourselves direct from a rather dull modern square, with not even a black statue of a statesman to give it an historical flavor, to a veritable castle in one of the oldest counties of England, full of legends and traditions, and venerable with age, that I was rather pleased than otherwise with the prospect of the change.

Our arrival produced no very great excitement in the surrounding neighborhood, for the position of Rubble Castle (that was the title it went by) was somewhat lonely. There were several bleak hills, a scrap of moor-like common, and a bit of ragged forest near the place, and the village was four miles distant. How such a baronial dwelling came into the hands of the late owner (Mr. Vandal) we never precisely knew, though we guessed it was an unredeemed mortgage.

Our removal was attended with considerable inconvenience. Our servants were annoyed at leaving London, and more annoyed at being conveyed to what I heard them call a downright "penicientshary." The coachman and footman became friendly for the first time since they had been in our service; the old female cook, presuming on her length of servitude, was rebellious; the two house-maids were sulky and obstinate; my own maid was unusually prim and severe; and the only one who seemed to enjoy the change was little Waddles, our page.

Every room of our dreary castle was a passage, and every passage was a vault. It looked an imposing place from the outside, with its turrets, its drawbridge, its portcullis, its towers, its moat (which made the lower apartments very damp), its arched doorways, battlements, and little peep-holes of windows; but inside there was not a room—to use a vulgar expression—that you could swing a cat in, if we except the two principal halls, which were like railway tunnels. But the most singular part about it was an old warder, who looked aged enough to have been present when the first stone of the castle was laid. He was very feeble, of course, with rheumatism, and was just one of those old servants—very unlike my servants—whose pride it is to die at their posts. And a nice post it was. A hole in the thick stone wall, like a cell. Call it a porter's lodge, or give it any fine name you will, but you cannot alter the place. It was an unmistakable cell, worse than many I saw at the model prison, where burglars and such people were humanely confined for their crimes. The old warder's duty was to attend to the portcullis and drawbridge (the only entrance across the moat), and he would allow no one to interfere with him. He had worked that portcullis and that drawbridge before the present generation was born, before the family possessors of Rubble Castle went gradually to the bad, and sold or mortgaged their ancient property, and he was not in the humor to be assisted by our coachman or footman, even if either of those lazy and dissatisfied menials had offered their inexperienced services. The portcullis and drawbridge were old—absurdly old—the machinery was antiquated, rusty, and generally out of order, and the process, in the old warder's hands, of letting any person in or out, was a noisy, creaking performance that lasted nearly half-an-hour.

There was little time left for moping about or even thoroughly examining the place, for some of the visitors—whom my husband had invited, with his usual impetuosity, to give the place a warming—were expected early in the course of the next day. We did what we could with mouldy hangings and scanty furniture, made some centuries before upholstery was raised into the dignity of an art; and, by the aid of enormous fires roaring up forge-like chimneys, we produced the appearance of comfort, if not the reality. The servants were not at all reconciled to the place upon further acquaintance, and they considered the whole removal as something little better than joining a gang of gipsies. If their situations had not been good, and their master and mistress had not been indulgent, I believe the whole body would have tendered their resignation without a moment's hesitation.

The first visitors who arrived were Mrs. and Miss Gushington, an enthusiastic widow with her more enthusiastic daughter. They were in raptures with the castle, as I fully expected, and I was very glad of it, as it was a good example to set the servants.

"What a dear, delightful duck of a place!" almost shouted Mrs. Gushington before the first salutations were over.

"And so old, mamma!" interposed the daughter.

"Yes, my dear," returned the mother, "so very old! Where did your respected husband pick up such a dear, quaint, feudal relic, Mrs. Coggleshall?"

"It was left us as a legacy," I replied.

"Oh, how charming!" returned Mrs. Gushington, with enthusiasm; "how very charming—so unexpected!"

"Don't you like the middle ages?" asked Miss Gushington, in a tone very similar to her mother.

"Not much," I answered.

"Oh, I do," returned the young lady, in a most rapturous manner. "I think they were so nice!"

"Do you know, Mrs. Coggleshall," said Mrs. Gushington, "what I should call this place if it were mine?"

"Something very pretty, I'm sure, dear," I returned, with politeness.

"The Moated Grange, after Tennyson's poem you know."

"Very happy, indeed, mamma," replied the daughter.

Unfortunately many of our guests were not disposed to exchange the comforts of modern civilization for the barbarity of the middle ages, without an unseemly struggle. Such were old Mr. Crowcomb and his wife. They had got the best apartment in the castle—stony, of course,—that could not be helped; but a room fit for a king and queen—in the middle ages.

They did not complain direct to me or Mr. Coggleshall; but Mrs. Crowcomb's maid made frequent application for impossible things in the kitchen. Our servants in their present temper took care to convey this to me, as a hint of their own deplorable condition.

A communication was opened with the neighboring village (four miles distant) for the purpose of victualling the garrison. Considering the extent and the unusual character of the demand, we were tolerably well served; and it was amusing to see the old warder going through all the forms of challenging the butcher's boy in his cart, on the other side of the moat, as if he had been an invading army.—When he came for orders, to save the trouble of letting down the old, cranky drawbridge they were shouted through a speaking trumpet thrust through a slit of a window.

The first serious difficulty that I experienced in the victualling department was with the cook, who could find nothing in the shape of kitchen utensils with which she felt disposed to risk her professional reputation before company.

"It's all very well, mim," she said, "for born savidges, which was content to eat their meat raw from the points of dadgers, but it won't suit my books."

I presume that she alluded to the manners and customs of the middle-age barons at their repasts; though I did not inquire further. To get over the difficulty, without more discussion, I took her to the armory, and made a selection of helmets, breast-plates, and a variety of odd metallic things that I knew nothing about, sufficient to set up a cook in business at a public club-house. I knew I was committing sacrilege; but what could I do?

The moat was one of the most obtrusive nuisances that we had to deal with. It was, in parts, half-full of a green, slimy mud, and we had not been in the castle many hours before we became painfully aware of its existence.

There was no concealing the fact, nor doubting the cause, and the old warder, being the only living link that bound us to the past, was summoned to render an explanation, and suggest a remedy.

"Well, sir," he said, "I remember the old moat wur loike that for more nor fifty year."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Coggleshall, interrupting him, "we want to know the cause."

"Ah!" said the venerable adjunct of the place, with a chuckle, "that's more nor you nor I can tell. It cum loike that about a week a'ter old Sir Cleaves died, an' they do say—"

This was sufficient for my husband, who had a special dislike of the old warder's legends, and he dismissed the aged servant without further questioning. The next day we sent to the town for a surveyor—a person not easily found in those parts—and his report (which cost us fifty pounds,) could only tell us that, in former times, the moat was supplied with water from a spring; that this spring had dried up from natural causes; that there were no means at hand for abating the nuisance except by boring for water to flush the moat, or by clearing out the mud altogether. We adopted neither of these expensive suggestions: but temporarily kept off the enemy by a liberal application of chloride of lime.

We had great trouble with our only child, Alexander, aged nine years, who was home for his holidays. He made a companion of little Waddles, our fat page, and together they scaled such giddy heights upon the tower-battlements, that it made everybody's heart sick to see them. When this amusement was denied to them, and the ways of access were closed and guarded to the upper parts of the castle, they let themselves out of an arrow-hole, or window, by a rope into a dry part of the moat, and were lost to the inhabitants of the castle for many hours. When they, at last, applied for re-admission across the drawbridge, they were one mass of dry, light-colored dirt from head to foot, and they had great difficulty in making themselves known to the old warder. Their story was that a treacherous part of the moat had given way, and plunged them up to their necks in the ancient mud. They had run about the common and the forest until they felt dry and comfortable, and thought they looked decent, when they had presented themselves, a little before dusk, under the notion that they might enter unobserved. Alexander had spoiled a new suit of clothes, and little Waddles had utterly destroyed his livery.

Scarcely had we recovered from this fright when we heard piercing shrieks issuing from the north turret, where Mrs. and Miss Gushington had taken up their quarters. If it had not been for the courage of Mr. Coggleshall, I believe that no one would have ventured to investigate the cause of these sounds of terror; for Mr. Crowcomb distinctly stated that he was neither a hero, nor a crusader, and the servants were already beginning to believe in strange stories of white and red ladies who walked by night with great wounds in their breasts up and down the corridors. Mr. Coggleshall, with most praiseworthy promptitude, seized a thick stick, and went direct to the room where Mariana (Miss Gushington) was preparing herself for dinner. He found that young lady with dishevelled hair, crouching in a corner of the room, and staring wildly at two large bats, who were staring at her from two opposite corners. Mr. Coggleshall led the romantic young lady out of the room; and, after a short struggle, he put the two animals to flight. It turned out afterwards, that Mariana had opened the turret window to gaze at the rising autumnal moon, when the two brutes flew suddenly in, and nearly knocked her down in their entry.

Two other visitors arrived before we sat down to dinner—the Misses Tutbury, maiden sisters, living on their property; and, at last, after many difficulties in the series of vaults which did duty for the kitchen, the great meal of the day was served at exactly half-past eight P. M., railway time. The repast was plain, but ample—baronial, in fact, and satisfactory enough, in its way; but the footman and coachman thought proper to wait at table wrapped up as if prepared for a long journey outside a coach. The dress first caught my eye, but I said nothing; and then it caught my husband's eye, who said a great deal.

"John Thomas and James William," Mr. Coggleshall shouted across the table, "what is the meaning of this?"

There was a little hesitation. Then the footman, although the junior, put himself forward to speak.

"I knows what it is, sir, to which you eludes, but roomatis is a thing that will come to us all, sir, sooner or later, an' it's wrong, it is, to fly in the face of Providence.

This speech produced a sympathetic grunt from Mr. Crowcomb; but it only enraged Mr. Coggleshall still further.

"Take off that comforter, John Thomas," he said, "directly; and that ridiculous overcoat; and you, James William, either make yourself a Christian waiter, or leave the work to John Thomas. You're not driving the Carlisle High-flyer against a north wind!"

"Werry well, sir," replied the coachman, "if you wish it; but goin' hout o' this warm room—which warm it is, compared with those passidges—"

An impatient gesture from Mr. Coggleshall stopped any further conversation, and the dinner was finished in silence.

During the afternoon the wind had shifted round to the north, and our position was no protection against the keenness of the blast.—Our screen from the south, composed of the bleak hills before mentioned, was perfect; but from the east and the north we had scarcely the shelter of a blade of grass. Leaving the banqueting-hall, as it is called, to go across the dark passage to that other tunnel fitted up as a drawing-room, we all felt that the two men-servants were not so very much to blame.

We retired to rest early that night, only to awake to fresh troubles the next morning.—Everybody had, of course, heard strange and unearthly noises during the night, (the howling of the wind along the tunnels and passages,) and almost every one was full of complaints when we met at breakfast. The two Misses Tutbury had been horrified by discovering a large owl standing calmly before their toilet-glass on their dressing-table. Unlike Miss Gushington with the bat, they were strong-minded enough to drive it away with an open umbrella. Both Mrs. Gushington and her daughter were a little pinched up with cold, and a trifle—just a trifle—less enthusiastic.—Mr. and Mrs. Crowcomb were, of course, sulky, especially Mr. Crowcomb, who had shouted for one hour in vain for shaving-water in his lofty chamber in the battlements, there being no bells or communications between any two parts of the building. We had to apologise for many small short-comings at the breakfast-table.—Our letters, which came to us very late, contained apologies for being unable to accept our kind invitation from many gentlemen whom we had calculated upon as beaux for the ladies. This is always the case in all parties, whether in town or country; and one note from Mr. Hal Fresco was particularly vexing to poor Mariana (Miss Gushington), who I know had come for the express purpose of meeting him at the castle.

The county paper contained the following paragraph, which Mr. Coggleshall read to us:

RUBBLE CASTLE.—We are glad to learn that this interesting, ancient, historical, and local Norman relic, has passed into the hands of Udolpho Coggleshall, Esquire, a gentleman of enlarged views and ample property, in whom we hope to see those baronial glories revived which have so long lain dormant under the icy manners of the late uncongenial proprietor.

I think my husband felt a little pride at this paragraph; and, if so, it was soon checked by the receipt of a very large claim for poor-rates, which came among the letters.

"A most unjust assessment," he exclaimed, "and I shall certainly appeal against it. One hundred and twenty pounds for poor-rates! Why, what on earth do they reckon the rent of this—" he checked himself as he was about to say something disrespectful of the place, and added, calmly, "this castle?"

"Ah!" replied old Mr. Crowcomb, taking up the conversation, "I thought as much; I thought as much. If you will be a baron, Coggleshall, you'll find you must pay for it!"

We passed the short day in viewing what little was to be seen in the surrounding country; made a pilgrimage to the nearest town—a very poor place in appearance—and returned to the Castle early in the afternoon. When we arrived in front of the drawbridge, we noticed two persons in long beards and German hats sketching from different points, and we thought we saw a photographic apparatus moving off in the distance. A stout, elderly gentleman, in a white necktie, with several other gentlemen of equal age, but of very unequal size, were standing near the place. When Mr. Coggleshall made the necesary signal to the warder, the stout gentleman, who appeared to be the elected spokesman of the party, advanced, and said:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the new proprietor of this noble relic?"

"I am the present proprietor," returned my husband.

"We are the acting committee of the West Sussex, or B division of the British Archæological Association," continued the stout gentleman, who paused for a reply.

"Indeed!" returned my husband, vacantly.

"It is a proud, but an onerous position which you occupy," continued the stout gentleman, inquiringly.

"I don't exactly understand you, sir," replied Mr. Coggleshall, while we all listened with interest.

"When I say proud," returned the stout gentleman, "I mean in owning the roof which once sheltered the great Rufus (called Rufus the pug-nosed) after the siege of Mudport; when I say onerous, I mean in reference to what you may do with that roof."

A murmur of approbation ran through the committee, or depatation, at this speech; and tall gentlemen stooped to whisper to short gentlemen, while short gentlemen stretched themselves to whisper to tall gentlemen.

"I suppose," replied my husband, "that I have the usual liberty to deal as I like with my own property?"

"No, sir; pardon me;" returned the stout gentleman, very excitedly, "not exactly so in this case. If I may be allowed the expression, your country has an historical lien upon these hallowed walls, and we wait upon you, as guardians of local archæological monuments, to satisfy ourselves that the place will receive no injury in your hands."

"Then, sir," replied my husband very coolly, "with every respect for my country, and the association you so ably represent, I must decline to satisfy you upon that point."

"You are not the possessor of a vulgar house," returned the stout gentleman, with much energy; "you are the recipient of a sacred trust. Remove but one brick of that trust,—desecrate but one stone,—and the voice of civilized Europe will be raised in one universal yell of indignation against you!"

The drawbridge, governed by the feeble and ancient warder, had by this time descended slowly to its place, and we prepared to cross it.

"Good day," said my husband, turning politely to the stout gentleman, and the deputation, who seemed to be astonished at the unsatisfactory result of their spokesman's tact and eloquence.

"Good day, sir," replied the stout gentleman, raising his hat with dignity. "Remember your trust; the eyes of your country—of the Archæological Association—are upon you."

We were disappointed upon our return at not finding an expected visitor, Mr. Coggleshall, senior, the father of my husband. He had written to say he would arrive at the railway-station by a certain train, and we had sent the coachman over with a carriage to meet him. The train arrived, but no Mr. Coggleshall, and the servant had come back as he went.

Dinner passed over much the same as the day before, except that one of the maids had to wait in the place of John Thomas, the footman, who had gone to bed with a violent cold and face-ache. The soup was greasy, and the meat was half raw, for the cook had become more rebellious, having been without any authoritative supervision during the day. The night was even a little colder than the last, and we retired to our stony chambers, if anything a little earlier.

In the morning, the first thing that met my eye, as I looked somewhat early out of our window, which commanded a view of the bare country in front of the castle, was a shabby four-wheeled fly, standing immediately opposite the portcullis entrance on the outer side of the moat. Near the fly was a bony horse, endeavoring to graze, and a shabby groom trying to warm himself by dancing, and flinging his hands under his arm-pits. Presently an old gentleman put his head out of the window of the fly, and I at once recognized Mr. Coggleshall, senior. I called my husband, and, by the time he reached the window, his father, who was very stout had with some difficulty reached the ground, and began to make signs towards the castle. Something struck us both, seeing the horse disengaged from the vehicle, that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, had passed the night in front of the moat, being unable to make the old warder hear. We at once hastened down to the cell or lodge, and aroused the venerable servant, who was still sleeping soundly, dreaming, perhaps, of the glories of the past. Mr. Coggleshall, who is rather impatient, having assured his father through the speaking-trumpet that his presence was observed, very foolishly ventured to try his hand at the portcullis. Neither he nor the old warder was able to move it. They both struggled hard; but the more they struggled, the firmer the old barrier kept its place. It soon became evident that some hours might elapse before the passage would be again opened; and in the meantime Mr. Coggleshall, senior, who was, no doubt, tired out with waiting all night, would lose all patience at any further delay. My husband conveyed the melancholy intelligence to his exhausted parent through the speaking-trumpet, and received, in reply, some faint words, the meaning of which was eked out by unmistakable gestures of indignation. In this position the idea struck my husband, that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, might be hauled through the window by which Alexander and little Waddles got into the dry part of the moat.

The proposal having been made to the old gentleman, he seemed reluctantly to give his consent, and walked to the point indicated by his son. He got down the outer bank of the moat, and crossed it with some difficulty, and then came the all-important and heavy task of hauling him up to the window.

By this time most of our visitors had joined us: and the general opinion seemed to be that he was a very large and heavy man, and that when elevated to a level with the small slit of a window-hole, he would never be able to squeeze himself through. After some minutes of suspense, the purple face of Mr. Coggleshall, senior, was seen through the aperture: and it was evident to all that he could be hauled no further in that direction.

"Udolpho," said Mr. Coggleshall, senior, with as much indignation as he could command in his peculiar position, "what is this?"

"I assure you," replied my husband, with sorrow and humiliation—

"Kept out all night," interrupted Mr. Coggleshall, senior; "and now drawn up by a common rope to a rat-hole! Try a crane, sir, for your father. Try a crane!"

A sudden twinge of the face-ache, which John Thomas felt at this moment, caused him to let go his hold upon the rope; and the loss of support sent Mr. Coggleshall, senior, gliding rapidly down the castle wall once more into the moat.

We rushed to the battlements, and saw him inciting the shabby groom to put the horse in the fly as quickly as possible; and, when the vehicle was ready he got into it. Without giving one look towards the castle and his penitent relatives, he drove away in the direction of the neighboring town.

It was several hours after this event before the portcullis was again raised, my husband standing by in a fretful temper all the while. The first use he made of his freedom was to take a horse, and gallop after his father. It was quite dusk when he returned; but the old gentleman was not with him, having started for London by another road. He had missed the station when he came down by going to sleep in the carriage, and had had to retrace his lost ground by an up-train. This brought him to the required point at a late hour of the night, and he had hired a fly to bring him over to the castle. When he arrived in front of the moat, everything was perfectly still; and, as both he and the driver could find nothing but very small stones to throw at the portcullis, they failed to arouse the old warder, and had to encamp for the night. He positively refused to be reconciled to his son until he took steps to dispose of his barbarous legacy.

"Which," said my husband, "I have determined to do; for, though an Englishman's house may be his castle, an Englishman's castle will not do for his house."

AN ADVENTURER IN EGYPT.

On my arrival at Alexandria, in the spring of 1855, I found the whole town up in arms, and clamorous about the exploits and deeds of a notorious freebooter, a native of some part of Austria, but who had been settled in Egypt for some years past, during which interval, until his recent apprehension, he had enjoyed the reputation of being an honest, benevolent man, a leader of Alexandrian fashion, and a patron of field sports and all kinds of public amusements.

Signor Chevico—for so was this personage styled—had made his appearance at Alexandria, from the decks of one of the monthly steamers, and had come supplied with a properly vised passport, which purported to represent him as an opulent jeweller of some city in Austria, travelling for pleasure and the benefit of his health. He was furthermore supplied with a plentiful sum of ready cash, besides letters of credit to some considerable amount, and this at once proved a passport to the hearts of Alexandrian tradespeople and the halls of Alexandrian aristocrats. He landed and took possession of his suite of apartments at the most fashionable hotel. He called upon his consul, and was charmed at his reception. He visited at the bank and displayed his authority to draw. The bankers were delighted and honored by his acquaintance. The knowledge of his wealth and importance spread with telegraphic speed from house to house, and the fame of the stranger was established.

Merchants on change, deeply engrossed with mercantile speculations, paused on the very brink of positive bargains, to inquire who that elegant looking stranger was that had just ridden by on a magnificent palfry. At coffee houses, in private homes, among rich and poor, old and young, Greek and Jew, Arab and Turks, surmises were rife as to the object and intentions of Signor Chevico's visit. Matrimonial speculations were rife (for it was ascertained that the stranger was a bachelor), and match making mammas rivalled each other in their attentions.

Chevico really was of handsome face and person, of courtly manners and address. He dressed simply, but elegantly, and his Wellingtons were the envy of all the Alexandrian dandies. The old Pasha at his durbah would stroke his beard and pronounce Chevico's steed the best in Egypt after his own. In short, from highest to lowest, this wonderful stranger was the theme of much conversation, comment, jealousy, quarrel, or admiration.—He was a rich man, and that, perhaps, was the keystone of his greatness.

Months rolled by and things settled down into their old monotony again. Chevico had purchased himself a splendid villa on one of the most picturesque spots about the banks of the Nile near the aristocratic quarter, and he was duly recognized and admitted as a member of Alexandrian *haut ton*. He was a second D'Orsay with tailors and boot-makers, but what established his reputation more than anything else was his great liberality and benevolence. Was any one in distress, any poor widow laboring under pecuniary difficulties, any helpless sick stranger, any orphan, any destitute exile unable to get employment? only let Chevico hear of the case and his purse-strings were loosed immediately. Not only by gifts of money, by supplying needful garments or nourishing food, but in friendly, affectionate, sympathising visits, did Chevico reap golden opinions, and he was in the acme of his fame when we leave him for a time to see what is going on elsewhere.

It is well known that Alexandria and Smyrna are the two great resorts of all the vagabonds and vagrants who have been expelled or have fled their native country for crimes whose catalogues would be fearful to recount; amongst these refugees, of course, there are many who for solely political motives have been compelled to seek a refuge in any country that will harbor them. It was a very curious thing, but then people attributed it to pity, that Chevico bestowed great charity and much pains upon this class. His whole retinue of domestics, to the exclusion of all natives, was composed of this class. By exerting his influence with one merchant or another, with tradesmen or wealthy native residents, even with the Viceroy himself, he had contrived to find employment for some scores of what he termed these *miserable outcasts*, and what was very singular their conduct and bearing were irreproachable; in every case almost they managed to ingratiate themselves with their employers, so that at the end of a year or eighteen months unlimited confidence was placed in these refugees, and one or two harsh people felt secret regret that they had entertained different opinions of these exiles.

Two more years passed, and in that interval a change came over the aspect of affairs in Alexandria. The chowash bashee, or head of the Pasha's police, was fit to go crazy from the frequent, nay daily recurrence of the most outrageous and daring robberies. He had his private suspicions, but they were hooted at both by the Pasha himself and by all the residents. It was a very remarkable thing, he observed, that at several low taverns in the Greek quarter these refugees daily assembled, gambling for and spending more money than their salaries amounted to in a dozen years. He was positive of this, but he had no convincing proof, and then what upset his opinion was the singular circumstance that all the robberies committed had consisted in plate or jewelry. On not one occasion had money been abstracted. In a small place like Alexandria, it was next to impossible to dispose of things so costly, or to do so without detection. As to exporting them, the chowash bashee never dreamt of such a thing being feasible.

Every merchant or private family that had been robbed caused all their employes to be subjected to immediate and rigorous search, but never with any satisfactory result; and from week to week the robberies became more and more frequent and alarming. Signor Chevico himself had been victimised (at least, so he gave out,) to the extent of a thousand pounds; and a poor Greek widow, who, with her daughter, occupied apartments in one of the central khans (or caravansaries) in the grand square of Alexandria, had what few jewels and plate her husband had left her abstracted during the brief interval she had left the house and gone across the square a marketing with her daughter. On this occasion, however, the thief had not been so dexterous as before, and, to his great delight, the chowash bashee, who was on the spot soon after the alarm was given, picked up an amulet, a simple Greek chain, in a tinsel case, which led to the apprehension of the burglar, who, by the chowash bashee's direction, was followed and apprehended just as he was entering Signor Chevico's gardens.

There was nothing in this to cast a slur upon Chevico—so said the *elite* of Alexandria. Such was the opinion of the Pasha himself; nevertheless that bold man, the chowash bashee, insisted upon Chevico's house being guarded, whilst Chevico stormed and raved at the insult. He was advised, however, by his consul, to submit to the outrage, and then, when things were cleared up, get this saucy Arab summarily bastinadoed and imprisoned.

The detected burglar (who was one of the refugees in the employment of the widow's next door neighbor,) was carried off to the police station and there examined. The whole of the stolen plate and jewelry were found upon him; and, more than this, a bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglar's tools. The man could not for a moment deny the theft, but he stoutly denied that anybody else was acquainted with, or interested in, the robbery.

In Turkey and Egypt they resort to other modes than those practised in England, and the wretched malefactor in this case was subjected to such fearful torture that he finally, and when almost at the last gasp, acknowledged to all the facts, and revealed who were the parties connected with him, and where a clue might be obtained.

With a grim smile of satisfaction on his swarthy face, the chowash bashee mounted his horse, and followed by a troop of police, armed to the teeth, he rode into Chevico's compound, and very unceremoniously entered his chief sitting-room. Of course, a violent struggle ensued, but Chevico and his servants were soon disarmed and pinioned. Meanwhile the various consuls had been summoned to assemble there without delay, and they came in all haste and in all the dignity of diplomatic coats and cocked hats, mentally concocting fulminating despatches and protestations, to be hurled at the head of the unhappy chowash bashee, who had grossly insulted the whole community.

Now, in Chevico's chief sitting-room, in addition to much other costly and valuable furniture, there was a splendid crimson velvet divan, which went around three sides of the room. Ruthlessly displacing these, and pitching them into the centre of the room, in the presence of the assembled dignitaries, the police came upon a rough, unpolished structure, like a common deal box, which had supported the seats, cushions, and covering of the divan. This was demolished with an axe; and when, after a sturdy resistance, the upper planking gave way, there came to light such an assortment of goods as caused an exclamation of surprise from every one present.

"Why, that's my watch," quoth Chevico's own consul, selecting from some score or two of others the article in question. "And these, my wife's ear-rings," said another; whilst a third shouted at the recovery of some favorite old gift ring. There was, in truth, jewelry and plate enough to constitute Chevico a jeweler, but there he stood, a convicted, systematic thief.

On due investigation it came out that this man had come to Egypt for the specific purpose of organising a regular band of burglars, and he found ample material ready to his hands at Alexandria. The position he took up, and appeared to hold, had screened him to the very last from any suspicion; and his own house having been the receptacle of stolen goods, threw the police completely out of their scent. Periodically, at a certain season of the year, a man of gentlemanly exterior, calling himself Chevico's partner, would land at Alexandria, and spend a fortnight or so, and then return again to his own country. He brought with him always two stout chests, supposed to contain wearing apparel, &c., but in reality filled with rubbish; they were receptacles for the best part of the year's spoils, and conveyed them to European markets, to be broken up and disposed of there, Chevico setting to work afresh to fill up the vacuum by fresh burglaries.

He was convicted, and sent to his country to be tried, leaving behind an unenviable notoriety of having been the most consummate but gentlemanly scoundrel on earth or Egypt.

Peter Chastel was one of the most learned divines of the sixteenth century. He was bishop of Orleans, and great almoner of France. Francis I. asked him "Whether he was born a gentleman?" Chastel answered, "That he was not perfectly certain from which of Noah's three sons he was descended."

THE OTHER SIDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It has been most unfeelingly dinned in our ears
By fathers and husbands, for several years,
That all of the trying commercial distresses
Are due to our love of extravagant dresses,—
Our sweet little bonnets, and darling French collars,
And India shawls that cost hundreds of dollars.
The editors, too, who are thought to be knowing,
Have filled many columns with lucidly showing
That there is not a girl who is fit for a wife,
Or who does not make dressing the chief end of life,
Who opens a book that is not a romance,
Or knows that plum-puddings don't come here by chance.
I have thought of it all till my spirit grew warm,
And resolved that one trifler, at least, should reform;
So I said to Kate Somers, my intimate friend,
"The very next party that we shall attend,
I mean to go simply and neatly attired,
And be by all sensible people admired—
And how it will please dearest Harry to see
That glitter and show are not cared for by me;
For you know though he's clever and charming, he's poor,
(That's why he has never proposed, I am sure)—
I shall mix with those choice intellectual spirits
Who complain that we fail to discover their merits."
Kate said, with a smile, that was much like a sneer,
"You are perfectly welcome to try it, my dear."
Occasion soon offered; within a few days
Mrs. Bullion gave one of her charming *soirees;*
A simple white muslin I ventured to wear,
And a wreath of pale roses to place in my hair,
(All very becoming, indeed, I declare;)
Yet I felt rather odd when I entered the rooms,
Glittering with splendor and sweet with perfumes.
I sank on a sofa, all worried and heated,
And heard a gay party, who near me were seated,
Whisper, in accents not meant for my ear,
"How oddly she dresses!" "How silly!" "How queer!"
But imagine, I pray you, my just indignation,
When Kate Somers' voice said, "It's all affectation;
She thinks, you must know, this new eccentricity
Will be called by the gentlemen, charming simplicity."
But the greatest by far of my trials that night,
That put all my zeal for reforming to flight,
Was my sorrow and mortification to see
My own Harry flirting with Rosamond Lee,
Who shone on that evening in laces and pearls,
And ribbons and flounces, the gayest of girls.
Yet she cannot tell how our Republic is bounded,
By whom it is governed, or when it was founded.
She knows quite enough though to win admiration
From those who talk most of the mind's cultivation;
For with all their fine speeches men show by their actions,
That Mammon for them has superior attractions.
It is followed, caressed, and flattered and feted,
While intellect waits, unadmired and unmated.
How are we to break through the chains that have bound us,
Without one helping hand from the strong ones around us?
While we our best moments to Folly are giving.
Pray how are our masculine satirists living?
In fine, I must beg from yourself and all others,
Some attention in future bestowed on our brothers;
And trust when the foibles of Fashion are shown,
They will not be those of one gender alone.

Louisville, Ky. A. B. ABB.

THE EBONY CASKET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNESS.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

I sat again in my quiet little chamber that overlooked the Rhine. But my eyes did not linger now idly on the red roofs of the village, but looked far off in the blue distance, towards the south, for they could trace there the white winding road that led to Diensdorf. And there was now the one object of living interest to me in this land of strangers—my poor blind child, Margaret.

After she had parted from Gilbert on that terrible morning, they had never met again.—He had sent to her a letter urging her to still fulfill the broken contract; but even in the pleadings he used, could be seen the deep, unconquerable dread and dislike which had overcome him with the shock of the first discovery. To this letter Margaret was able to return no answer. The long restraint and struggle had proved too much at last for her strength, and she sank into a low fever, from which she rose like a shadow. That she should longer remain at the Hall, although Gilbert was absent, was impossible. Philip Stamford, who had for several weeks been on the Continent, returned, bringing with him letters from a celebrated physician of Diensdorf.

That there was any possibility of the ultimate restoration of her sight, he gave us but little reason to hope, but urged her immediate removal to the Convent of St. Ursula, in that village, where, if his skill could not restore her, she could be taught how best to dispense with the sense she had lost. There were then no asylums for the blind. This oculist, whose fame had attracted patients from every part of Europe, had retained several incurable cases in this convent, and, with the aid of the nuns, had for years been endeavoring to devise some method of replacing the lost power. That he never succeeded in doing this, as others did who lived soon after him, was not the fault of his benevolent heart.

We took Margaret there. She never mentioned Gilbert's name, nor did she ever seem to expect that he would again urge on her the renewal of their betrothal. She knew, as did I, the morbid peculiarity of the man's nature, which made him shrink instinctively from any thing painful or repulsive. It was her knowledge of this that had induced the poor child so long to conceal her misfortune, and had strengthened her in her resolve. Amy pleaded to accompany her sister, but Margaret gently yet firmly refused.

"It must not be," she said to me; "no one shall be weighed down by my burden. I will bear it alone."

Nor was it possible that even the partial comfort of my sympathy should be granted her constantly. My own wearisome duties prevented my seeing her but seldom.

I do not wish to dwell upon those first years that passed slowly over Margaret's head—how slowly, her own sick heart kept count with every throb of pain. The faded form and whitening lip only told how deep the wound had been; always with the same meek, humble step she passed through the long, dim corridors of the convent, her sightless eyes closed, and her hand outstretched before her, or sat under the thick shade of the lindens in the garden hour after hour, the glimmering shadow and sunshine playing over her white-robed figure. When she was spoken to, she answered with a cheerful smile, and then sat silent again, as if listening. Listening for what?—what voice was it that she thus waited for hours and days and years to hear? Without hope, yet waiting, waiting still. So the days passed, silently, heavily; of long nights, when she was left alone with her blindness and utter solitude, none knew; when the morning came, her paler cheek told of bitter conflicts with her own soul, of upbraiding prayers to the Hand that had laid this heavy affliction on her, of impatient, restless, vain repining. But Time, that stupefier, if it does not kill every pain as well as every pleasure, did its work, and there followed a time of weary exhaustion, of uncomplaining patience. There is such a period in the life of every woman whom God thinks worthy to suffer deeply. An hour of gray, immovable twilight, after the one fierce storm of life is over, when the weak, worn heart sinks down in a dull torpor, with no feeling left save a dim terror lest the sharp pain may waken again. Perhaps the eyes that now carelessly scan these lines can look back to such an hour, known only to God and the sufferer. An hour when she summoned all the strength that Religion, Pride or Will could give—and found it all too weak to support one moment more of effort. Yet the moment came—and was gone, and the effort was made, and custom and habit gave a courage to endure.

"Verschmerzen," exclaims Schiller's noblest hero, in the hour of poignant anguish, "Verschmerzen werde ich diesen Schlag, das weise ich," and then comes the bitter, yet how true conclusion, "Denn, was verschmertzen nicht der mensch?" I knew, as I looked at Margaret, that some day the time for awakening from the lethargy would come. I knew the stinging pain for her as well as others would pass, the weary aching cease, and the heart would not break, but through years of suffering would grow numb and cold and selfish, or would quicken again into strength and kindliness, if not love. Yet I felt that the change with her would be long in coming. Other women are roused by occupation and the thousand excitements which surround them; she was shut in by her blindness on her own thoughts. If, I thought, she could only see Gilbert Hairstone in the light in which I was learning to see him! Since the day of her decision, he had never made any effort to restore to her the property which, by that decision, she forfeited; nor, indeed, had Amy; but then Amy was but a child, and never, it was probable, had thought of business matters. Margaret's annuity from her mother I knew, and I knew that Gilbert was aware of it also, was barely sufficient to support her. She, I do not believe, had ever thought or cared from whence came this fund; for Philip had taken upon himself its care and management. He visited Diensdorf but seldom in these first years; I was learning to alter my judgment of him also. Silent, and apparently cold in his temperament as when a boy, there was something in the man's strength of will and force of character that commanded homage. His struggle with poverty was a hard one. How he had supported himself during his early youth I never knew; his face bore traces of the most rigid privation. Now he gained a scanty subsistance by writing, while he pursued his study of the law with an unwavering energy.

At last came the shock that was to rouse Margaret. Late in the autumn of the third year after she came to Diensdorf, Mrs. Vicars and Amy arrived to make their annual visit.—Never had I seen Amy more lovely than she seemed then, when her light, fairy-like figure went dancing through the dark halls of the convent, or pacing slowly by her sister's side. The oldest and gloomiest of the sombre nuns gathered round her in wondering admiration and amusement at her bright, willful prattle or ringing laughter. Even Margaret's face grew less pale and heavy. Yet I could not but fancy that her childish merriment was forced; her face were constantly a perplexed look, and a warning glance from Mrs. Vicars would throw her into a confused silence. That lady herself seemed perpetually to be laboring under the consciousness of some mighty secret which she dreaded might suddenly escape. What it could be I almost feared to hear, for I had a presentiment that some new misfortune was impending over Margaret. It came at last.

One bright November evening I had ridden over to Diensdorf. I found Margaret and Amy in the convent garden, in Margaret's favorite seat beneath the lindens. She sat with Amy's head resting on her knee, softly stroking back the ringlets of paly gold. Amy was quieter than usual. The anxious, perplexed look was deeper on her face. The distant vesper hymn from the chapel convent came faintly to our ears, and we grew gradually silent. Mrs. Vicars even stopped her eternal low monotone, but did not seem to feel the holy hush that pervaded the scene. She glanced from Amy to Margaret uneasily, and then with an earnest expression of warning, and a meaning nod to Amy, gathered her shawl around her and went away. I felt that their secret, whatever it might be, was about to be disclosed, and looked to the poor blind girl. There was an expression of peace in her face I seldom saw there. The far-off plaintive strain had brought the tears to her eyes, and an unwonted, gentle smile to her lips. Amy was watching her, too. God forgive me if I looked at her bright, lovely face with a bitter dislike. Why should she come to wound the helpless girl as I felt she was going to do?

"Listen," she said, softly.

Margaret bent her head, and touched the fair forehead with her lips.

"Do you really love me so much, Margaret?" asked Amy, suddenly, her face flushing.

"I have little else to care for," she said, quietly.

There was a moment's pause. She looked intently in the pale, wan face before her and hesitated, but I saw she passed from no pity or remorse, only an uncertainty how best to strike the blow, whatever it might be. I looked in silence. There are moments when the whole character flashes into the face. I was terrified by the hard, unflinching cruelty, the stony depths which that moment revealed in the brilliant blue eyes that now were fixed steadily on the blind girl's face. She spoke at last.

"Do you so much love me, Margaret, as to give me something you have no longer any need for?"

Margaret's only answer was a smile and a caressing motion of the hand.

"Something," pursued the other, her eyes following every passing expression on Margaret's face, "which was, and is still very dear to you, Margaret."

The blind girl started, a sudden pallor overspread her face.

"What do you mean, Amy?" she whispered.

"Will you give me—Gilbert, Margaret!" She hurried to say this, half rising from her recumbent position on the ground, and placing her hand on her sister's arm.

It was the first time for years that Margaret had heard the name. She did not speak nor move now.

"He loves me," said Amy, in a hard, quick tone, "he says—" she paused here, but only for an instant, "he says he always loved me better than all the world beside." A cold shiver passed over the bent form before her, but she did not pause. "I have promised to marry him, Margaret—in a month from now. He is nothing to you now, Margaret, never can be. Do not look at me so," she cried, shrinking back, for the blind eyes were open and gazing at her with a frightful look of blank terror and pain. "Take your hand from my arm," she almost shrieked, angrily shaking off the trembling grasp. "I am not to blame." She was silent then, for the dumb look of reproach and agony was turned away—and the blind girl went slowly, and without a word, back to the convent.

On my return home I found Philip Stamford awaiting my arrival.

"Has Margaret heard of Gilbert's approaching marriage?" he asked, without attempting to conceal his agitation. "It is better that it has happened," he said, pacing the room with hurried steps. "She will learn to see him as he is sooner. She *must* do that sometimes. Surely this cannot last forever."

"Are you going to Diensdorf?" I asked, after a half-hour's silence.

"Not now," he said, doubtfully pausing. "I will return in a few days." He came up, pressed my hand warmly, and was gone.

I saw it all now, and wondered why I had not seen it before.

The month passed. Four weeks of sickening suspense even to me. Then came the news of the wedding, that with all due form and pomp had taken place. Margaret heard the letters in silence; no word escaped her to show what or how deeply she felt. Another letter from Mrs. Vicars to announce that the bride and groom had started on their continental tour, and "in the course of a few weeks would visit Diensdorf to see their dear sister Margaret." I read this to Margaret—and saw her shudder, but she bowed assent. What a heavy, solemn mockery this great etiquette of society is! How silently the tragedy of Life goes on beneath its iron net-work of smiles and bows and social greetings. I have seen hearts breaking day by day—the slow, sure death-stabs given to a soul, while the murderer and his victim met with the calm, easy friendliness which "society" demanded. You, reader, have seen the same, though, perhaps, you did not know it, yesterday—and to-day. It is right after all. If there must be a skeleton in every house and heart, let them be decently dressed, not to offend the passer-by. And so one of those scenes of acting transpired when Gilbert and his bride came to see their sister Margaret. If the actors had been imaginary people in a novel there would have been a scene of wild and bitter reproaches, but being simply well-bred people of the nineteenth century, no stranger could have noted any peculiarity in the meeting. He might have thought that the blind girl was unusually white and cold, that Philip Stamford, who stood behind her chair, watched her with a scrutiny almost angry in its eagerness—and if he had been a close observer, he would have seen on Gilbert Hairstone's face a strange shadow like the scowl of an old and crafty man. Amy, like most weak and shallow natures, was most perfectly at her ease, gossipped about the wedding festivities, the news from Hairstone Hall, and described their intended journey. So the day passed, and, one by one, each fell into the light upper current of conversation, and the deep, dark tide of feeling beneath was untouched.

We were in the little inn at Diensdorf. The next morning Gilbert and his bride were to leave. One day's stay was all that propriety would demand, and was almost more than Margaret could endure. The evening came on, raw and cold. We gathered around the cheerful fire in the little inn parlor. The red flames flickered over the coarse, crimson curtains that shut out the wintry night, and the curiously carved oak tables and chairs. For a time no sound was heard except the wild moaning of the wind, and the dull ticking of the Dutch clock in the corner. Then Amy, with a thoughtlessness which I could not find it in my heart to forgive—began carelessly to sing one of the songs which had been her sister's favorites in the years long past. I saw poor Margaret clench her fingers together, in the effort to hide her agitation, and looking up suddenly, caught Gilbert Hairstone's eye fixed on her. I turned to Philip. I could scarcely restrain my anger. Philip's look of mingled contempt and hate was too plain not to be seen by Gilbert. Their eyes met; and while the joyous carol of the Swiss song filled the air, the two stood silently regarding each other, like two opponents about to meet in deadly strife—who measure each the other's strength. Yet when it came, when the last delicately executed warble had died away, and the lovely little songstress rose impatiently to look out at the driving snow, the tones of their voices were as calm and measured as if no deadly hatred lurked beneath. I remember distinctly as if I saw it in a picture now, the scene in that little chamber of the inn. The firelight flashed brightest on the aerial brilliant figure of the young bride, who stood half unconscious, half careless of the others, tapping the window pane with her jewelled finger. Her sister, (oh, how old and faded Margaret looked beside her!) sat on a low foot-stool by the fireside, her head turned wistfully towards each speaker. Gilbert Hairstone indolently reclined in the only easy-chair the room boasted. Fastidious to a fault in his dress, there always reigned over his whole manner and personelle an air of delicate refinement, of languid repose that could not but be pleasing. His fair regular features were in perfect quietude, only his eye wary and half closed, was fixed on Philip's face. Stern and immovable as the Sphynxs, Stamford stood by the door before him. Something in the calm depths of his eye, the air of quiet determination, that told of an unconquered will, reminded me of the old burden of the song "Philip the King," despite his coarse dress. He was the first to break the silence. Leaving the room for an instant, he returned, and placed on the table a small, dark chest.

"What have you there," said Amy, "my bridal present, Philip?"

"An old relic, which perhaps you will remember," he answered. "An heirloom for which I have a fancy, and from which I never part. But as I am sadly deficient in regard to the knowledge of its history, I am going to ask for information from your husband."

He spoke in a light tone, and lifted from the chest the ebony casket. I saw the old shadow on Gilbert's face—but it vanished, and, in cold, cautious tones, he said, stooping forward, as if to examine it,

"I remember it well. The bugbear of my childhood! But why," he asked, with a sharp glance at Philip, yet in the same tone, tracing the carving with his finger, "why do you come to me for information?"

"Only," said he, "in regard to one part of its history. The night of your Uncle Hairstone's death—"

He stopped for a moment, looking still in the other's face.

"Go on," said Gilbert, sinking back again indolently.

"Why will you recall such dreadful remembrances, Philip," fretfully exclaimed Amy.

He did not heed her, nor removed his eye an instant from the cold, guarded face before him.

"On that night," he resumed, in a slow, distinct tone, "your uncle revealed to me the secret of my birth; the proofs were in that ebony casket."

There was a moment's silence.

"Did you find them there?" asked Gilbert, a scarcely perceptible sneer curling his lip.

"That the casket contained them at the time Mr. Hairstone made to me the discovery, I never have doubted," Philip answered, firmly. "It was opened when I found it on the floor of the library, and it was in the effort to protect it, that your uncle was *murdered*."

The cold eye of the listener never faltered, though his very lips turned white. Heedless of Margaret's startled cry, he remained silent an instant, and then said, mockingly,

"Your charge is a grave one. Whom do you accuse at once of robbery and murder?"

"I accuse no one. I leave the proof of my assertion to God. I can bring none."

"Then," resumed the other, in a light, triumphant tone, "why do you suggest to us subjects which I agree with Amy in thinking are exceedingly unpleasant? It is bad taste, Philip, of which I should not have thought you capable. My own opinion is that my uncle's mind was in too weak a state to permit any sane person to credit his assertions upon that night. Why have you never asserted your belief as to your real name and position, whatever you think it to be, before now? Why have you never brought forward this charge against whoever you consider guilty until to-day."

Philip's eyes left Gilbert's face for the first time, and rested on Margaret with a look of infinite tenderness and pity. When he spoke his voice trembled.

"I was silent for the sake of one whom I would have spared every needless pang. It is useless to speak of that now, I shall be silent no longer."

"You threaten, sir," said Gilbert rising. "I understand you. But evidence more tangible than boastful assertions are needed before I shall fear your claims."

"The evidence will come in God's good time," said Philip, solemnly. "I have faith in Him, and I have faith in this," he added, touching the motto on the vase—"THE POWER SHALL BE WITH THE RIGHT."

"Philip," exclaimed the other, suddenly, "I swear by this fated urn," laying his hand on it, "and by the God to whom you appeal, that I am innocent of the crime at which you darkly hint. If those proofs exist, they are not known to me. Do you doubt me?" He turned fearlessly towards him.

The abruptness of the declaration, and its apparent earnestness and sincerity carried a weight of conviction to even my mind. Even Philip was shaken. He placed the vase in its case slowly and doubtfully.

"I leave it to time," he said, quietly; and Gilbert turned to Amy with some indifferent remark, and a strange light in his eye. The clock chiming the hour gave a welcome signal for retiring, and, with formal adieus, the strangely assorted party separated, never to meet again on earth.

PART IV.

From that day a new life began for us in the quiet village of Diensdorf. My engagement with the daughter of Baron Steinfeld terminated at this time, and I did not renew it, but, after counting the cost, and taking a survey of my little savings, I concluded that the day had at last arrived when I could venture to carry into execution a long cherished project. It was simply this; to procure a home which I could call my own, and to which I could take my poor blind child Margaret. I often look back to those days as the pleasantest in my life, when, with all the eagerness and inexperience of children, we began the task of finding and furnishing a house. The "home instinct" that lies dormant in every woman's breast awoke in Margaret for the first time in her life, and for the time seemed to metamorphose her. She never wearied of going from house to house, examining and comparing, until, at last, we fixed, with Philip's assistance, on one, a quaint, many gabled little cottage, half hidden by a bend in the hill, and shaded by clumps of hemlock and oak. Then when the important business of choosing our furniture was in progress she was excited as a child, going from room to room, passing her hands over the carved pine chairs, and altering a hundred times the place of each. At last the final completing touch was given; even Philip pronounced that nothing more could be done. Then the rosy cheeked little Gretchen, who was our prime minister and counsellor, stirred up the cheerful little fire in our tiny parlor, drew my great easy-chair to one side of it, and Margaret's low footstool beside me, and proceeded to spread the snowy cloth upon the table and make tea for us. An English tea-table! In our own house, too—and by our own fire, and drunk from our own china! No one but a woman tossed from place to place as I had been, could comprehend the exquisite comfort and pleasure of that first cup of tea. The warm sunlight that lit with a blaze of glory the wide spread valley of the Rhine, lingered on no more cheerful spot than our home looking table, with its glittering white cups, the snowy bread and golden butter, and crimson fruit smothered in cream. Philip, for Philip was there, glanced around with a rare look of satisfaction.

"Remember," I said, as I proceeded rather awkwardly in my unusual occupation of making tea, "remember, Philip, that is your chair whenever you honor Diensdorf with your presence."

"I shall claim your hospitality oftener than you imagine," he said, "I too am going to make a change. I am coming to make Diensdorf my home." He looked at Margaret as he spoke.

"I am glad, Philip," she said, but so carelessly did she say it that I hastened to try and cover her indifference by the warmth of my reply. But the shadow was on his face, and rested there until we parted for the night.

So our new life began. It was long before we ceased to find something to alter and amend in our domain; then I discovered a vast amount of sewing that required my time in the mornings;—after our mid-day meal there was the daily walk to take, for we began a thorough exploration of Diensdorf and its environs. Then Margaret undertook the care of Gretchen's education, and a hopeless task she found it. She revived, too, her old love of music, and passed many an hour that might have fallen back into the old apathy in trying vainly to bring sweet sounds from the old harpsichord that was our only instrument. But evening was the crowning point of the day. Philip came then, and for the first time I learned to know and value him aright. I was every day astonished more and more by the depth and extent of his knowledge, and by the strong, original views he took of life and the world around him. He read aloud to us every evening—and I soon perceived the secret motive that prompted his choice of subjects. They were such as would open new vistas of thought and feeling to Margaret, would draw her out and away from the morbid reflection of her peculiar trials on her own mind, and give her deeper and wider hopes and beliefs. Margaret had never loved knowledge for its own sake; when a child she had studied to excel, because it would please those she loved, and as a woman she had made Gilbert Hairstone her world, and forgotten all else in him. Now the long sleeping energies of her mind awoke, and in the hope to fill up the great void in her life she eagerly grasped at this new light that shone in on her. No ambitious aspirant for the world's honors ever devoted themselves to study with more feverish eagerness than did poor Margaret whose only hope was—to forget. And Philip, with an eagerness almost equal to her own, led her on, step by step, each day unfolding some new truths, with all the patience of a mother simplifying and explaining what had cost him long years of study to make clear. Poor Philip—blind, blind! He could not see as I did, that he was to her nothing but the indifferent medium through which she hoped would come to her this knowledge that was to take the place of all she had lost, that the eager thanks with which she bade him good-night each evening were accompanied by no blushing shyness—that the gratitude was only gratitude—and though the ideal here she had worshipped so long perhaps was shattered, no other had arisen to take its place. So the winter passed, and spring was giving way to summer. Margaret was changed, her steps had grown firmer, her cheek wore an unchanging rose, could she then, I thought, take this new pursuit of knowledge in lieu of all else? Was she so unlike every other woman as to be able to stifle the unceasing cry of the heart "to love" by teaching it how "to know."

It was a clear, cool evening in June. The day had passed without bringing the monthly letter from Mrs. Vicars—short, formal despatches they were usually; heard by Margaret always in perfect silence, for she never now mentioned Gilbert's nor Amy's name. She had walked down the little path to the brow of the hill, and stood in the red sunset glow, singing in a low voice to herself. Philip and I followed her. She turned to meet us with a smile. Philip was unusually pale that day; I knew that he was going soon to start upon a journey to France, which would detain him perhaps for months, but had not told Margaret. I looked down from the little plateau where we stood, at the quiet landscape beneath, embosomed in green hills. Here and there the light wreaths of smoke told of a cottage hid among the trees; the slow gliding river sent glancing back the crimson sunlight; no sound broke the stillness but the distant jingle of the bells, as the herds were winding their way home from pasture.

"It looks like a scene in Arcadia," I said.

"Do you remember, Margaret," I asked, after a moment's pause, "that poem of Schiller's, where he calls childhood Arcadia, and looking back from the hopeless desert of old age, tells how 'the stern angel Justice, with its clear, sad eyes,' took from him, one by one, life's blessings, and left him nothing but Resignation?"

Margaret was silent a moment, and then, in a low voice, began to repeat the poem, lingering, with a faint, tremulous tone, on the sad burden of the lament, "Auch ich war in Arcadia geboren."

One of my greatest pleasures was to hear Margaret repeat German poetry. Her voice was full and rich, and she gave it full freedom to express every emotion. Yet, through the nervous energy of despair, or the joyous, buoyant tones of hope, it carried still a sad, peculiar cadence that gave to each an unique charm. Now, forgetful of our presence, she repeated to herself the touching dirge of a life's hopes—a dirge the saddest ever written, as it ends with no gleam of a life elsewhere, where hope may live again, as the soul that came into the world but to suffer, gives back to God the hope of bliss He gave, still unfulfilled at life's close, nor asks to receive it again. We were silent—she stood in the old attitude, her head bent, her hands folded meekly before her. Bitter memories I saw filled her brain; life, dull, gray, hopeless lay outstretched before her, and she stood weak and alone on its sands. Philip suddenly turned and took her hand.

"Margaret!"

She started at his tone of intense feeling.

"Margaret, I, too, was an Arcadian!"

A dreamy surprise covered her face. For the first time in her life, I believe, she thought of what he was or had been, other than the cold recognition she had given him as a kind and tender friend. She looked up now with a childish sort of wonder, and said, simply,

"You have had a hard life, poor Philip!—when did you lose *your* dream of happiness, as it must be lost, the poet says?"

She smiled sadly, and scarcely seemed to wait for his answer, falling back into her own reverie.

"I have not lost it, Margaret," he said, in a low tone, that forced her to look up. "I have kept my dream of Arcadia since I was a boy, deep hidden in my heart, through all these years of toil, and hard, bitter struggle. It has given me life, strength, Margaret—strength to bear pain and disappointment and poverty, almost starvation. I have kept it, clung to it; I vowed that it should be realized, here in this life!—I vowed to conquer my fate! But there are times when the truth is forced on me that my hope has been in vain—that even this one bright dream of life, the only one I have cherished, will be taken from me!"

He paused. She stood still, silent, in a wondering amazement.

"Margaret; it is from you the words must come that will make my dream a reality. You can give to me the Arcadia where every living soul dwells for a little time, but where my step has never entered."

"I, Philip!" She put her hand on his arm, pale, bewildered.

"Come to me," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of passion, the pent-up feelings of years breaking forth in one wild cry; "come to me, my poor blind darling. You have suffered, and I have suffered with you. I have watched you since we were children; all the time you loved another. And I knew all the time that you ought to be mine; that here was your rightful place of rest—here, on my heart, Margaret. I am strong, Margaret; my great love shall so enfold and shelter you, that no pain nor cold shall ever touch you more. Come to me, Margaret, Margaret." He opened his arms. She turned white and trembling away.

"Never, never," she said in a whisper. Then with a sudden burst of tears and sobs she cried, "oh, my God, save me from this temptation, keep me true to him I first loved, true to myself."

Philip drew back. "You love him still, then? You love that man?"

She did not answer for a minute. "Go, Philip," she said; "I dare not forget him; he was all I ever knew of good. He may have been false, but I will be no traitor. Go; God forgive me for giving you pain, but I did not know."

"No, Margaret," he said bitterly, "you never knew me." He took her hand, held it a moment with a stunned look of dull pain, and then turned abruptly, and was gone.

"Gone." She murmured, looking after him in a confused, dreaming way, as if she could see his retreating figure.

Day after day passed, and Philip's name was never mentioned. I tried to fill his place by reading and walking with her; but although she did not speak, I knew each hour of the day how much she missed him. Insensibly to both, he had become associated with every thought. Now, when he was gone forever, she felt how great and wide was the loss. For the first time in her life she grew impatient and fretful—wearied of her studies, of music, of herself.

About a month after Philip's departure a letter arrived from Hairstone Hall. It was from Mrs. Vicars, detailing the events of the past spring, and ending with the announcement that Amy's health was failing fast, from no visible cause other than a slight cold, contracted in Naples. "Under these circumstances," she proceeded to say, "it was the wish of Mrs. Gilbert Hairstone, and seemed expedient and proper to herself that Margaret should immediately rejoin her sister. So vehement, indeed, was Amy's wish to this effect, that Mr. Hairstone himself would come over for her if no other escort could be found." A line from Amy ended the letter, written in an almost illegible scrawl. She said, "I know, Margaret, that they think I will die. Come at once, and stay with me; I am so miserable and lonely." I read it all to her.

"I will go, aunt Courtney," she said without an instant's doubt; "if Amy needs me, I ought to go." And she went.

The summer months crept very slowly by. I heard from Philip often. He never spoke of Margaret, though in my letters to him I communicated every trifling item of intelligence I could glean respecting her. That was but little. She of course could not write to me,

and from Mrs. Vicar's formally worded epistles little could be learned. Amy was sinking fast, that I knew; and in her extreme need she turned to Margaret for every aid and comfort. From a passing stranger, a near neighbor of the family at Hairstone Hall, I heard that it was commonly rumored that Amy's illness was increased by the selfishness and unkindness of her husband, that their married life had been a singularly unhappy one; and so wide-spread and apparently truthful were the reports of Gilbert's cruelty, that a general reserve and coldness had taken the place of the universal popularity he had possessed when a boy. Of Margaret my informant could tell me nothing, except that she never left her sister's side, devoting herself entirely to her.

So the year was gone. How lonely and long it was to me, I must not stop to tell, for I must hasten and bring my story to its conclusion.

One cold day in January, I had drawn my solitary chair to the fire, when Gretchen brought in, with the evening candles, a letter from England. It was sealed with black. I knew the contents before I opened it. "Margaret was coming home," that was my first thought: may Heaven forgive me. "Amy was dead," Mrs. Vicars said; adding, "a short life, and not a happy one." She herself would leave the Hall as soon as possible—would bring Margaret home to me—as she designed making a short tour of the continent, and could take Diensdorf, on her way." "Poor Amy! And that was all the moan over your grave," I thought as I folded the letter slowly. Old times rose rapidly before me. Amy as a child, bright and beautiful, I saw, and forgot Amy as a woman, cold and selfish. Then their lives passed in slow review before me, with all their chance and change. What effect would these last six months have had upon Margaret—passed in hourly intercourse with the man she had so passionately loved? I had my own surmises, and before I rose to begin my preparations to receive her, for I knew she would arrive the next day. I drew my little writing-desk towards me, and wrote a few hurried lines—not to England, but to Paris. Gretchen and I were busy the next day, in arranging our little domicile for our long absent guest. She did not come for several days, however, and then arrived, so pale and weak, in her mourning dress, that I scarcely knew her. For a day or two she lay upon the couch in my room too exhausted to hear or to talk. Then she told me the long, sorrowful story of Amy's sickness and suffering. And she told me, too, with a voice that faltered only with anger, of Gilbert's injustice, and slow, constant cruelty to the dying woman. Cured at last, of the long delusion! As time wore on, we fell again into our old routine of occupation. She never mentioned Philip's name. One day, however, I read to her his letters. She listened eagerly; and, I saw by the painful flushing of her cheek, as I concluded each, noted his silence respecting herself. She said nothing, however; only went to the window with a smothered sigh, and returned soon with a sudden burst of unwonted gaiety.

Meanwhile I waited anxiously for a letter from him, but he neither came nor wrote. We resumed our old course of reading, and I could not but notice how unconsciously to herself, Philip's taste guided her in her choice of books; how every hour she quoted his opinions, without naming him, nor how deeply she felt the void in her life which his absence created. Why did he not come? I grew restless, impatient. But the mystery was soon solved.

One evening we walked down through the village with Clara Steinfeld who had been with us all day. She was my favorite pupil, a frank honest-hearted German girl—one of the few persons of whom Margaret was not afraid.

As we passed by the river path, where we separated, she said, "I had forgotten to ask you if you had heard the rumor about your friend Herr Stamford. He is soon to marry an English lady in Paris—very lovely, it is said, and better still, very rich—I have forgotten her name."

What I stammered in my confusion I do not know, but cutting short our adieus with Clara, I turned homeward with Margaret. She did not speak until we entered the little parlor at home, then seated herself by the fire and remained silent.

"Aunt Courtney, do you believe it?" she asked suddenly.

"No, Margaret," I answered—yet I spoke doubtfully—for I remembered his long silence.

"Very lovely," she repeated softly to herself, and then passing her hands over her own pale face, laughed bitterly, and rising, went to her own chamber. She did not come down for many hours, and when she did her cheeks bore traces of tears, and her voice was lower and sadder than before.

So it was all over. And as I sat sewing, with a most unsteady hand that evening, I grew misanthropic and rebellious against the wayward turns of fate. After that, our life subsided into a deeper quietude. Margaret was more patient, more gentle than ever before. Hers was a weary life; with no hope in the Future: no bright spot in the Past to which she could turn with comfort; and worst of all, denied the resource of active employment. Even the books which she had been learning to love, seemed to have acquired some secret power of giving pain, for she never wished to hear them read now. She followed me in my visits to the poor, and tried in a thousand touching, helpless ways to make herself useful.

One evening in November, we had been out walking through the mountain path, until Margaret was weak and exhausted. When we entered the house, she went to her own room, while I opened the door of the sitting-room. The table was arranged for tea with unusual care; the silver, only produced on gala days, was displayed with all the state Gretchen could devise—and that bright-eyed damsel herself was hurrying from cupboard to kitchen in an alarming state of excitement. I had scarcely time to see this, and mark the unusual preparations on foot for a feast, when a well-known footstep crossed the verandah, and entered the room behind me. Margaret, at the same moment, came in from an inner apartment.

"Philip!" she cried, and stopping, leaned against the wall, trembling and pale.

He kissed her hand respectfully, and then turning to me bestowed a warmer greeting. In spite of all my efforts I felt embarrassed and constrained.

"Are you alone?" I asked, after the first welcome was over. He looked bewildered, and with a nervous haste, very foolish in a woman of my age, I told him Clara Steinfeld's story. He listened in silence, and when I had finished, simply said,

"It is not true," with a sad gravity, that conveyed a tacit reproach to me.

We sat down to the table, yet somehow our gaiety was forced. One sentence of Philip's explained all that made me doubt: "I have been in Belgium for two months, and only received your letter a few days ago." After that I sipped my tea with a complete sense of satisfaction. It was a balmy evening, though late in the autumn. So after our evening meal was over, we went into the little garden to show Philip the alterations we had made. He spoke but little to Margaret, and when he did it was with an almost stern reserve. Half way down the hill there was a little fountain—a favorite resort of Margaret's and mine—to which a rocky path led. As we stood by the garden gate I pointed to Philip how red its waters glowed in the setting sun.

"Let us go down," he said, "and look if the roses I planted there have grown."

Margaret followed us, but slowly. She was deadly pale this evening, but that might only be from weariness. Her foot caught in a projecting rock, and she nearly fell.

"You should not walk alone," he said, stopping, and standing beside her.

"I have learned to do it," she answered, in a bitter tone, the sudden tears springing to her eyes. He was silent a moment—pale as death—with a look of infinite pity and tenderness. But the iron will conquered. He drew back to let her pass. "Go on alone then, Margaret, if so you choose."

She turned to him her blind face, pitiful, imploring—and with trembling, outstretched hands, cried, suddenly—

"Philip, lead me."

I saw him clasp her in his arms with passionate eagerness, and then I went back to the fire and Gretchen.

Whether the roses grew by the mountain spring, I never heard; but when they entered, an hour afterwards, I saw their flush on Margaret's cheeks, and fancied that Philip had tasted of the waters, and found them those of the fabled fountain of youth.

So they were married—in the little church at Diensdorf—and came to live with me. Two little passages in their lives I must give the reader, and then my story is finished: About two months after the marriage we had gathered around the fire, late one winter's night. Insensibly the conversation had turned upon our old life in Hairstone Hall.

"Where is the mysterious relic, Philip," I asked; "the ebony casket, that contains the fate of the Hairstones. He left the room an instant, and returning, brought the dark oaken chest that contained it. Margaret opened it, and placed it on the table. "I have not looked at it for years," he said, "yet foolish as it may seem, my faith in the truth of the old tradition remains unshaken."

Naturally the current of our thoughts ran on in the channel thus opened, and we talked of heirlooms, of prophecies, of ghosts and fulfilled presentiments. Philip was well read in German mysticism, and told tale after tale until the fire burned low. Meanwhile, the strange black urn, with its quaint carving and deep murder stain, formed a fitting accompaniment to the wild visions he conjured up.

Margaret sat beside the table listening, and passing her hand idly over the arabesque carving. Like all blind persons, her sense of touch had grown fine. Suddenly I saw her careless hand pause, and she stooped with an exclamation of surprise over the urn. Philip went towards her, but she did not heed him, but continued with nervous eagerness and flushed cheeks her rapid examination of the carving. At last, she pressed with more force a certain point, and looking up, showed us a cover which had opened, leaving open the lower part of the urn—then putting in her trembling hand, she drew out two dusty papers, yellow with age, and gave them to her husband. Philip's hands trembled a little too as he held them to the light. He read them slowly as it seemed to me, and then with a fervent "Thank God, found at last!" placed them in my hand, and caught Margaret to his heart in a delirium of joy that frightened me. I looked at the papers—confused. One was the certificate of marriage between George Hairstone and Maud Stamford in Paris—the other a paper signed by the late Mr. John Hairstone, declaring Philip Stamford to be the rightful, legitimate son and heir of George Hairstone, the elder brother who had died in Naples. Every proof which the law could demand was given.

"You are my cousin, then, Philip?" said Margaret with a bewildered look.

He assented laughingly, adding,

"And the rightful possessor of Hairstone Hall, as Gilbert Hairstone will know, and soon shall acknowledge. I understand now," he continued, "why his assertion of innocence in regard to the theft of these papers impressed me so forcibly as true. In the endeavor to gain possession of them on that fatal night, he only succeeded in opening the upper part of the casket, and did not discover the secret spring. Before many more days, Margaret, you shall be mistress of Hairstone Hall."

She smiled gently, and placed her hand in his with a simple look of trust, very touching to see on the pale wan face.

He put back the papers in their case and closed the urn, reading in a low voice over to himself the motto, "THE POWER SHALL BE WITH THE RIGHT."

But a few days did not restore Hairstone Hall to its rightful owner. Philip had been too sanguine. Gilbert Hairstone's opposition to the course of the law was long and violent, but, at last, after nearly a year's delay, the suit was decided in favor of the long-wronged heir. They did not then immediately take possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which we had often discussed, of a tour through Europe. When they reached Paris, they remained there for several months, why, Philip's letters never stated—and I grew impatient at their long delay in returning to their old home.

At last, it was the latter part of December, I remember, I received a letter dated Hairstone Hall.

"We are at home," he said, in concluding, "and one of our first tasks has been to arrange your rooms for you, our dearest, truest friend. Come to us at once, bring your trusty Gretchen, and let us try if the end of our lives in the old Hall may not be brighter than the beginning. Margaret is beside me with Amy in her arms. The Amy you have never seen—and she forbids me to tell you the secret my pen will hardly keep—the result of our long delay in Paris. So come at once and find it for yourself."

I went at once. The heavy snow lay white and still upon the ground, when I reached the park, and passed through the stately avenue of oaks glistening in the sunlight with their robes of hoar-frost. Philip met me at the foot of the grand flight of marble steps, a bright welcome beaming in his face—so, leaning on him, for I was growing old and feeble now, I went slowly up to the house where I had seen such varied change, never to leave it again. We entered the hall. I started in almost terror at the sight that met me. Yet it was only Margaret, coming with a light, almost bounding step, down to meet me. Margaret—but Margaret, as in days long past, with the soft, damask flush upon her cheek—her head, crowned with its auburn tresses, no longer bowed, but lifted up to mine in joyous welcome; and the dark, brown eyes beaming with a brilliant, tremulous light. She threw her arms around my neck, and looked at me eagerly before she kissed me, then, in answer to my startled cry, she sobbed out between laughter and tears,

"Yes, this is our secret—my eyes are cured; but, oh, Aunt Courtney," she whispered, sorrowfully stroking my gray hair, "we have grown old—old since I saw you last."

The evening came on with a solemn hush that night—solemn because of the deep, full joy that filled our hearts. We sat together in the library. The setting sun cast its red light over the room, as on that evening long gone by. The winter wind moaned fitfully without, yet only made the quiet depth of our happiness more perfect. Back in its old place stood the Ebony Casket, gleaming black and bright in the crimson light. Philip and Margaret were there, as in that hour of which we all were thinking. Another Amy, as white and radiant in her baby beauty, but with deeper, truer eyes, played at her mother's feet. As I glanced around, Gilbert's fair, false face was the only one I missed. The same thought seemed to pass through Philip's mind. He said, in a low voice, to me,

"Gilbert Hairstone is dead, Aunt Courtney," then, turning his head, looked thoughtfully over the far hills from the window where he stood. Margaret stole to his side, and stood there silent.

"Dead, Margaret," he said, again, looking wistfully at her face.

She looked up, saw the doubt in his eyes—the doubt, with all its sharp pain working at his heart—looked steadfastly, humbly into his doubting eyes.

"He was very dear to you, Margaret?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

"Very dear to me," she said, firmly.

There was a moment's pause. His face grew pale, but she looked quietly, steadfastly, humbly into his eyes. Then, clasping her hands, she rested them on her husband's arm, and laid her head upon his heart, while she said, in a clear, solemn voice, whose music sank deep into his soul, putting its dark suspicion to flight forever,

"Dear to me once! yet, I thank God, Philip, that this I know, that whereas once I was blind, now I see!" [THE END.]

NEWS ITEMS.

THE mails received from Santa Fe bring a copy of the stringent laws passed by the Legislature of New Mexico, protecting property in slaves, and totally prohibiting emancipation in that Territory.

MR. G. B. SMITH, of Baltimore, predicts the appearance of locusts the coming spring, in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi. They belong to the tribe of 13 and 17 years locusts.

THE Cincinnati Gazette says that on Saturday night last, a body-snatcher who had stolen a body from a graveyard in the neighborhood of that city, which he had placed in a bag, was hung while endeavoring to get over a high fence, the corpse falling on one side and the body-snatcher on the other, he having placed around his shoulders the cord by which the sack was shut, and the cord slipping about his neck, choking him to death.

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.—An exchange says: "It is rather surprising that whilst ocean steamers built by private enterprise make voyage after voyage, without damage, there is scarcely a Government steamer that makes a voyage without having to put in somewhere to repair machinery."

JEFFERSON AND THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—Mr. Jefferson never franked letters for any member of his family, and correspondents frequently enclosed in those directed to him letters for some of his family, but Mr. Jefferson invariably gave notice of the fact to the Postmaster of the place, and had the postage of all such letters charged to him.

JENKINS writes from Washington, that a Mrs. P———, of New York, the wife of a linseed oil manufacturer, wore to the Napier ball, diamonds valued at $100,000, and lace worth $11,000. Her heavy tiara and necklace were wholly composed of diamonds, and her breastplate was of diamond leaves. She stood "knee deep"—Jenkins's elegant expression—in old chench lace—an Italian fabric of exceeding delicacy, the secret of the manufacture of which has long been lost. It fell over blue silk from her knees to her feet, and also in graceful folds over her bosom. The lady sat during the whole evening, by a window opening from a side room into the dancing halls, in a position where the light could fall favorably upon her opulence. But she did not dare to enter the crowd, for fear that the lace might be injured, or the diamonds ravished from her person.

THE Albany (N. Y.) Statesman recently gave a sketch of an interesting lecture by a blind man, gravely adding, "he spoke without notes."

THE Pittsfield (Mass.) Sun says they have had 99 days of uninterrupted good sleighing in Berkshire county, this winter.

A MR. FULLER, who has lately obtained a divorce from his wife at San Francisco, for cruelty, seems to have had good cause for complaint. It appears that Mrs. Fuller, whose name is Mary Ann, was in the habit of broom-sticking Mr. Fuller, and when her beau called, ordered Mr. Fuller out of the room, and when he wouldn't go, gave him a hint to leave by throwing a hatchet at his devoted head.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN IMPERIAL BRIDE—A COSTLY PRESENT—THE OLDEST HOUSE IN EUROPE—COUNT CAVOUR—OLD CROWNS AND NEW ONES—IMPORTANT TO EPICURES—THE LAST NOVELTY IN PEARLS—THE SAGE AND THE BIRD-CAGE.

Paris, February 3, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The anxious speculations of the public with regard to the question of war, have given place for the moment to curiosity with regard to the young Princess, who, after so short a wooing and so hasty a wedding, is to make her entry into Paris some time in the course of to-day. The streets are all gay with the flags of France and Sardinia, and something in the way of an illumination will probably be got up to night. At the Tuileries, where Prince Napoleon will alight with his bride, a grand reception is awaiting the new pair. The city is already full of portraits of the Princess Clotilda; some representing a very handsome girlish face, others a very plain one; in fact, we are much divided here on the important subject of the young lady's beauty, one party asserting it to be pre-eminent, a second denying that she is handsome, while declaring her countenance to be very charming for its intelligent and amiable expression; and a third prudently suspending its judgment until enlightened by a sight of the young damsel herself.

A prodigious fuss has been made over the new couple at Marseilles, where they landed yesterday morning. The guns of the forts thundered a salute on the approach of the Imperial steamers; the streets were strewed with sand and hung with flags and flowers; officers of the Emperor's Household, and a large deputation of official people were assembled to receive them on landing, and the population of Marseilles greeted the young bride in her green velvet dress and white bonnet, with such warmth and goodwill that she seemed quite affected thereby. The municipality of Marseilles presented her with a magnificent set of jewels, and a splendid collation; and a group of young girls, selected for their pretty faces, offered her a bouquet of the glorious flowers of that region.

Her welcome at the Tuileries will no doubt be very splendid; the Emperor evidently intending the world to understand that he attaches no slight importance to the Sardinian alliance. In addition to the 300,000 francs' worth of cachemires, lace and jewelry sent to the young Princess by the Emperor (equalling in value the *trousseau* bestowed on her by her father), the Empress wrote her a very affectionate letter, accompanying this epistle with a present of very costly jewels, among other things a ring of wonderful beauty and enormous value. "It is the custom in Spain when a young lady marries," says the Empress, in her letter, "for her best friend to present her with a ring. Permit me, as a Spaniard by birth, to follow the custom of my native land, and while awaiting the pleasure of calling you my cousin, to hope that you will allow me to subscribe myself your best friend."

The bridal entry this afternoon will no doubt be an imposing spectacle, but, though all Paris will turn out to witness it, the marriage itself excites little enthusiasm here. People do not wish for war; they have a pretty general feeling that the rest of Europe, however prompt to exchange courtesies and compliments with the "parvenu" of "Destiny," preserves, under this varnish of political and courtly amenities, much too vivid a remembrance of the Pandora outpouring of evils inflicted on them by the chief of the First Empire, to suffer the successor of the Great Captain to lead an army into the territories of any other European state; and they believe, probably not without reason, that however deeply the more liberal countries of Europe may deplore the misgovernment that has so long kept Italy on the eve of an outbreak, they will not suffer France, under the specious pretext of vindicating popular freedom in Italy, to draw a sword that may be presently turned to purposes of conquest and aggrandisement. The extreme and indelicate haste with which this marriage has been gotten up, and its evident connexion with the Imperial policy, prevent the public, therefore, from regarding it with favor.

Private accounts from Turin state that the marriage is viewed with little approbation there also. The Piedmontese are excessively proud of the antiquity of the House of Savoy, which is far older than any of the other reigning houses; and they do not at all like to see their oldest princess entering the youngest reigning house of Europe, and occupying a place in this new Court which makes her rank subordinate to that of an Empress not "born in the purple."

The Royal Family of Piedmont, which thus boasts of a genealogical descent, as Princes of Savoy, centuries before any of the other royal families began to be heard of, is at present composed of the King, Victor Emmanuel II., widower of Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria, with five children; Princess Clotilda, born the 2d March, 1843, Prince of Piedmont, Duke of Aosta, Duke of Montferrat, and Princess Maria Pia, who succeeded their elder sister at intervals with each succeeding year. The King's brother, who died four years ago, left a widow, daughter of King Louis of Saxony, and a young son and daughter. The Savoy-Carignan branch, detached from the other in 1778, is represented by Prince Eugene, born in 1816, and his sister, wife of the Count of Syracuse, brother of the King of Naples. The elder line is also represented by the twin daughters of King Victor Emmanuel I., Maria Theresa, Duchess-Dowager of Parma, and Maria Anne, Ex-Empress of Austria. The grand-mother of the present King, the Grand Duchess of Saxe Courland, was re-married to the Prince de Montleart, now living, and an account of whose scandalous quarrels with his daughter, about the proportion of the possessions of the deceased princess reverting to her, was given in one of my former letters.

Of Count Cavour, the able and upright minister to whom Sardinia owes so much, and whom, let us hope, Europe may not have to thank for a war which can only be disastrous in the end to the cause which he has at heart, and which, until recently, he has so wisely and so successfully supported, the clever author of a work entitled *Lettres Italiennes*, gives the following description:

"The Count, who is now about forty-eight years of age, is of middle height, and somewhat resembles M. Thiers, but is taller, and infinitely better looking. Like him, he wears spectacles, and also has the keenness of expression, and the sarcastic mouth of the latter statesman. The Count has all the carelessness and self-confidence of a man born to a considerable fortune, and to whom power is not a means of ensuring respect, but of employing his talents in the service of his country. At the Chamber, on ordinary occasions, the First Minister of Piedmont somewhat resembles the intendant of a rich family, giving a plain and simple account of his stewardship. He seems, when speaking, to be conversing with such or such a member, or party, and gives, in the most unornamental style, explanations of his views or conduct, always listened to with interest. Being really well versed in everything relating to Government, and particularly to what concerns Piedmont, he is always ready to provoke discussion, in order to explain everything clearly. In the Piedmontese Chamber, the Deputies, in general, speak from their places, and the Ministers reply in the same manner. The Ministerial bench, which is of a circular form, is placed opposite the tribune, as in France, with its back turned towards the assembly. Count Cavour, sitting carelessly with one leg over the other, seeing and hearing everything, has all the appearance of attending to nothing. But should anything be said which relates to him personally, or to his department, he is up in a moment; and fixes a magnetising look on some unfortunate Deputy, appears to address him alone, and to crush him with his arguments. At other times he grows animated, turns to one side, then to the other, cries, gesticulates, and seems almost to menace his hearers. And when an opposition member has spoken, the President of the Council may be seen hurrying about the assembly, supporting one member, enlightening another, and rallying his partisans by his attitude and gesture, like a general bringing up his squadrons. But when the subject is a really serious one, and when the Count has to ascend the tribune, he is no longer the same man. His phrases become studied; his voice sonorous; his ideas are brought forward with order; his oratorical gestures are united with a well-depicted emotion; the statesman unveils himself to the full extent of his views; and the transfiguration is complete and worthy of admiration."

It is Count Cavour who has prompted and sustained the King in his course of constitutional reform, who has baffled the Jesuits, and enabled the friends of education to establish the means of popular instruction in Piedmont. To his councils it is owing that the gallant little State of which he is the virtual ruler, gave the aid of its sword to the Western Powers in the late contest with Russia; and as his influence is clearly evident in the present warlike excitement in Piedmont, and in the determination of Piedmont to resist any hostile action on the part of Austria, the union of the reigning houses of France and Piedmont may safely be considered as his work; a union which common humanity would lead us to hope may not, whatever else may or may not be its results, lead to the unhappiness of the young creature, not yet 16, whose fate is thus linked to the problematic destinies of the Bonapartes.

While new crowns and old ones are thus bringing their splendors together, the Minister of State has been buying up a whole lot of the circlets for which the human race has shown so strong an affinity for so many ages. These new acquisitions, destined for the Hotel de Cluny, the great emporium of objects of ancient art here, consist of eight coronets of gold of the 7th century, found near the gates of Toledo, the capital of the Gothic Kings of Spain. They are richly ornamented with sapphires and pearls, set with a taste and skill that would do honor to a modern jeweler. The largest of these circlets is not less than 3½ inches in height over the forehead, and bears the name of King Reccesointhus, who reigned over Spain from 649 to 672. The next in size is that of his Queen; the rest appear to have belonged to his children. All these crowns are suspended to handsome gold chains; and a smaller chain, passing through the centre of each crown, supports a large cross enriched with jewels. An inscription on one of these crosses states that these jewels had been dedicated to the Virgin of Sorbaces; they bear a striking likeness to the Merovingian jewels. This splendid collection will be of great use to artists and antiquaries, and will take their place, in the history of art in the middle ages, along with the celebrated crowns of Monza, which have been a subject of admiration for centuries past, and which they surpass in riches and in number.

The war in Cochin-China is being pushed forward with a vigor that might deserve some better results than appear likely to follow it. The French and Spanish arms are certain to obtain "victories" over the inhabitants of the country every time they meet them in the field; but the country itself is deficient in all the elements that render colonization profitable or possible; being flat, sterile, and swampy, so that it is impossible to establish permanent roads. Bishop Reford, who has been out there many years, says the people will not embrace Christianity because it does not prescribe veneration for deceased parents. In Cochin-China this kind of worship is practised by giving a feast at first every three days, then every five days, and afterward every year. A great inundation that recently afflicted the country, followed by a famine, was attributed by the people to Christianity. Every one who possessed a little rice buried it in the earth that his neighbor might not get it. In every village people died of hunger, those who survived, looking like spectres. All these villages are fortified, and surrounded by thorny hedges and trenches, to protect them from brigands. During the famine the latter were always on the alert, roaming from place to place, and setting fire to the houses in order to steal food during the confusion. The King, meantime, led a jolly life in his palace; but fearing the people might rise in desperation, he issued orders for the adoption of certain measures of relief. The Mandarins were requested to exhort the rich to curtail their expenses, to sell the superfluous rice in their granaries, and not to lend out money at more than cent. per cent. interest, in order not to complete the ruin of those who were in need. He also ordered new roads to be made, and new canals to be dug, in order to give employment to the laboring classes. But the avarice and misconduct of the Mandarins thwarted the King's intentions. Cargoes of rice were imported, and ordered by the King to be sold at a reasonable rate; but the Mandarins were bribed by the captains, and the latter were allowed to sell their cargoes at famine prices. In consequence of the great agitation produced by the French expedition, a national guard has been formed, called by the pompous name of Heroes of the Country. In the province of Siam-Dinh this force amounted to 60,000; but these "heroes" were famishing and plundering the places they were appointed to protect. Bishop Reford says that the tortures applied by the Annamite Mandarins not only to rebels and Christians, but to all from whom they wish to extort money, are of the most horrible kind; and that the situation of the country, at the points where the invading expedition is operating, may be summed up in two words, "famine and persecution." The only thing produced by Cochin China which civilised people would care to borrow appear to be the oranges, of which that unpleasant country possesses as many as twenty varieties, all varying in size, color and flavor, and not one among them all but is voted by the invaders to be far better than those with which the rest of the world is acquainted. One of the best is the *cam-du-nong*, or orange-sugar, as large as the Spanish orange, but highly odoriferous, flat, and reddish. The *cam-sen*, or Paradise-orange, is also very good; its rind and pulp are pale red; it has something of the stimulating sharpness of the lemon, but is very sweet withal. The finest of all is the *cam-tien*, or king's orange, and it is, in fact, reserved for the use of the sovereign. There is no prohibition against the cultivation of this orange, but it is necessary to keep it secret, for, if the tree were discovered, the owner would be compelled to deliver up all its fruit to the Prince. It is of the same form and size as the ordinary European or American orange; but its rind, which is green, and as fine as the thinnest silk, is almost transparent, and the filaments of the pulp, which is of a rose color, can be seen through it. When it is opened it imparts a delightful odor to the apartment in which it has been eaten; and no fruit of the species can compare with it in point of flavor.

M. Jobard, of Brussels, the well-known *savant*, (whose love of a joke sometimes carries him a little too far, and who lately remarked, when some one was abusing hooped petticoats, "It is idle to expect that a well-bred woman will consent to resemble a folded umbrella, when she possesses the means of resembling an opened parachute,") has just communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences a curious discovery of M. Serret, who has found that a large species of fresh-water muscle, peculiar to the river Verte, which rises near Neufchateau, in the department of the Vosges, and flows partly through Belgium, produces pearls equal in quality to the Oriental ones. Some of them are not white, but of a mahogany color, as though they contained iron, which, however, they do not. Black pearls (these, as I need hardly remark, are not black, but of a leaden hue), which are very rare, and consequently far more costly than white ones, though not half so beautiful, and pink pearls, rarest of all, fetching fabulous prices, and excessively pretty, though not at all like ordinary pearls, are already known to the lovers of jewels; these brown pearls of M. Serret's discovery, constitute a fourth variety, probably more curious than beautiful.

Baron Humboldt has just sustained a heavy domestic loss. He possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess-Regent, Karl August, of Saxe Weimar. The Baron was very fond of this bird, and was disagreeably surprised, the other day, on returning home from a dinner-party, to find his favorite sitting droopingly on his perch.

"Well, Jacob," he said, approaching the cage, "which of us two is likely to die first?"

"Pray, your Excellency," interposed his old valet, "do not talk to the bird on such serious subjects."

Humboldt turned silently from the cage, and took up a book. Half an hour afterwards, the bird suddenly turned round, looked at its master, and dropped down dead. Poor black Poll, or rather her skin, is now being stuffed at the University Museum for the afflicted survivor.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.—We have two days later news from Europe by the arrival at New York, on the 6th inst., of the steamer Jura, with London and Liverpool dates to the 18th ultimo. The war preparations in Europe continued, and the state of affairs was unchanged. There were vague reports of a French loan of twenty millions of pounds sterling. From India we have news of the close of the campaign in Oude, and the destruction of all the forts. It is said that Austria agrees to send a representative to the Paris Congress, provided that England and Russia will guarantee that the Italian question shall not be discussed. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Sardinian Cabinet has formed a deliberate plan to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, with the connivance of France and Russia. The affairs of the Danubian Principalities are becoming seriously complicated.

COMMERCIAL.—Cotton remains firm. Breadstuffs very dull. Provisions quiet but steady.

☞ MR. EDITOR:—I see in your last number, in the article Wine and Books, a Hindoo drink is mentioned, which is new to me. I mean "*Bhang!*" What is it?

In reply to the query you have put unto we,
Our answer is, Bhang! must be *gunpowder T.*
—*Cozens's Wine Press.*

☞ A certain Frenchman, named Roquelaure, was not handsome—truly, no! He met, one day, however, a native of Auvergne, who surpassed him in ugliness. Straightway, he presented himself and his Auvergnese to Louis XIV., protesting that he was under great obligation to him, and beseeching the king to befriend him. Louis inquired, what was the nature of the obligation?—"Ah, sire," replied Roquelaure, "were it not for him I should be the ugliest man in your kingdom."

☞ He who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE latest case of faithful Biddyism is chronicled by the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette. An Irish girl was dispatched to a neighbor's with a note, and directed to give it personally to the person addressed. On arrival, Biddy found that the neighbor had gone to Northampton, whither she wended her way, twelve miles, on foot, and traversed the streets till she found the individual and delivered the note. She then started to return, stopping over night on the way with some friends, and reaching home next day, when she told her mistress that she must give up her place, for she could not go any more such *long* errands.

PROPOSED NEW JURY LAW IN ENGLAND.—Lord Campbell's bill amending the Jury Law of England has been printed for the information of the members of Parliament. It proposes to furnish the jury with food and fire, and, unless they agree, to keep them together for six hours. If, at the expiration of that period, nine of them have agreed, it is to be taken as the verdict of the jury; if not, they are to be discharged from the further consideration of the case.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour during the past week have again been unusually light, hardly adequate for the wants of the home trade, and with a moderate export and speculative demand, together with an improving tendency in neighboring markets and throughout the West, holders have again advanced their views 25c ₱ bbl. Sales of 15,000 bbls at $6@6,25 ₱ bbl for superfine—closing firm at the latter quotation; $6,37½@6,62½ for extra, and $6,75@7 for extra family; 1500 bbls extra family on private terms; 600 bbls Brandywine at $6,50, and 600 half bbls at $6,12½ ₱ pair. The sales to the home trade have been to a moderate extent within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour has been in better demand, and 1000 bbls sold at $4,28. Corn Meal has been more inquired after. Sales of 1200 bbls Penna at $3,62½@3,69, and 1000 bbls Brandywine on private terms.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and at the close a further advance of 5c was realized, but the absence of receipts and the very limited amount offering have tended to materially restrict business. Sales of 8000 bushels at $1,45@1,55 ₱ bush for fair and prime red, and $1,65@1,75 for white. 1800 bush wet Wheat sold at 75c. Rye is in demand and has advanced 2c. Sales of 2500 bush Penna at 92@93 cts, and some Southern at 88@90c. Corn has also been in good demand and has advanced 1@2c ₱ bush. Sales of about 18,000 bush yellow at 80@82c, closing at the latter rate, including some damp lots at 75@81c. Oats are in good request and have again advanced. Sales of 12,000 bush at 53@54c for Jersey and Delaware, and 54½@55c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little activity in the market, but supplies come forward slowly, and the stocks here are light. Prices are barely maintained. The demand for Pork is limited; 200 bbls Western and City Packed sold at $18½ on time, and Prime at $14@14½. Mess Beef is unchanged, and sells only in a small way for ship's stores at $15@15½. Western Mess is held at $12. Bacon has been very quiet, the receipts and stocks being limited. Sales of Hams at 11@13c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10½c, and Shoulders at 8@8½c, cash and short time. Green salted meats come forward slowly, and the demand has fallen off. Sales of Hams in pickle at 10½c; Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½c, on time. Lard has been in limited request, with sales of 400 bbls and tierces prime at 12½@12¾c, and 700 kegs at 13½c, short time. Butter is without change; solid packed Western, in barrels and kegs, sold at 10½@12c, chiefly at the latter rate. Roll ranges from 16 to 20c, according to quality. Eggs sell at 16@17c.

COTTON—The receipts continue liberal, and the stocks are accumulating, with a very moderate inquiry from the manufacturers, but the accounts from abroad and neighboring markets being favorable holders are firmer in their demands, and at the close some were asking an advance; sales of 850 bales Uplands at 12½@12¾c ₱ lb—the latter rates for middling fair quality.

BARK comes forward very slowly, and the stock is light. Holders demand $33 ₱ ton for No 1 Quercitron, but buyers refuse to pay this price. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing to notice, except a small sale of Chestnut Oak at $11½ ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of Yellow at 33c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL has been dull. There are but few orders coming forward from the Eastward, and the demand for home consumption has been of a very restricted character.

COFFEE—The only arrival this week is 3150 bags Laguayra. There has been quite an active inquiry, and prices are very firm, but the absence of adequate supplies has tended to restrict business. Two invoices of Rio, about 800 bags, to arrive, have been disposed of at 11¼c, on time; some Laguayra at 12¼c; 700 bags Triage at 8½@9¼c; a lot of St. Domingo at 10c; 100 bags Cape 10¾c; and 200 mats Java at 15c ₱ lb, all on time.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit meets a steady inquiry, without change in prices. Dried Apples range from 9½ to 10c ₱ lb. Cranberries command $7@12 ₱ bbl—most of those offering are of inferior quality.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, ₱ lb, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skins, ₱ lb, 18@25c; Nutria, ₱ lb, 35@50c; Raccoon, ₱ lb, 38@50c.

HEMP is quiet, there being no stock here to operate in.

HIDES are in demand, but the market is poorly supplied. No sales. An import of 3140 Laguayra and Porto Cabello has arrived, which was previously contracted for.

HOPS meet a steady inquiry; sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 14@20c; old are nominal at 4@7c.

IRON—There is a fair demand for Pig Metal, and the market is firm. Sales of 1500 tons No 1 Anthracite at $24@25; 100 do at the same figure; 200 tons No 2 at $23, and 100 tons No 3 at $22, on time. 1000 tons Mottled and White Forge sold at $22,50, 6 mos. Blooms are held firmly. About 600 tons Juniata were disposed of in the interior, to come here, at near $30, 6 mos. A lot of old Railroad Bars brought $35. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD is held very firmly, as the stock here in first hands is quite small. No further sales.

LEATHER—The receipts are increasing. The bulk of the stock now consists of inferior descriptions, which are not wanted. Prime qualities, however, are in demand, with an advancing tendency in prices.

LUMBER—The absence of adequate supplies continue to restrict business. Sales of a cargo of Virginia Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15,50; small lots White Pine Boards at $16@17; Spruce do $12, and Laths at $2,12½@2,25. Spruce Joist, if here, would command $13 ₱ 1000 feet.

MOLASSES is arriving more freely, and the market has been dull. Sales of 100 hhds clayed Cuba at 25c; a dock load of Trinidad at 31c; 30 hhds Porto Rico—new crop, the first of the season—sold at 36c; and 2800 bbls New Orleans at 40@40½c, on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed have materially fallen off, and it is in good request. Sales of 300 bushels at $6,50@6,75 ₱ 64 lbs, for fair quality from first hands, and $6,75@7,25 from second hands. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $1,70@1,75. A small sale of Timothy at $2,20 ₱ bushel.

SUGAR—The receipts, since our last notice, of both Cuba and New Orleans have been quite liberal. The demand, however, has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 500 hhds at $5,37½ for Cuba and $6,25@6,62½ for New Orleans. 850 bags Laguayra sold at $7,12½, on time. The stock is now 2787 hhds.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin meet a steady inquiry at former rates. N. E. Rum is selling slowly at 36@38c—the latter rate for Felton's. In Domestic Brandy and Gin there has been less doing. Whiskey is held with increased firmness. Sales of 200 barrels Ohio at 28@29c, Pennsylvania at 27@27½c; hhds at 26½c and drudge at 25½@26c.

TALLOW has declined. Sales of City Rendered at 11c, cash.

TOBACCO has met a better inquiry, and prices are improving for both Leaf and Manufactured. 50 hhds Mason County sold on private terms.

WOOL—There is a firm feeling in the market, but the sales have been limited—the Eastern manufacturers having mostly been supplied by the auction sale at Boston.

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance, being in London on New Year's day, was informed by Rev. Mr. Spurgeon that he intended to visit the United States in March.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 25 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNELL, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. feb26-4t

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—We are not in the habit of "puffing" patent medicines, but we cheerfully add our testimony to that of many others in favor of this medicine. The *Pain Killer* is invaluable for the diseases for which it is recommended. Try a bottle of it and see if we do not state correctly.—*Roman Citizen.*

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS are recommended by physicians in their practice. A distinguished clergyman, who had taken six bottles, by the direction of his physician, writes us that they have cured him of Dyspepsia of twenty-five years standing. Try this remedy, Dyspeptics!

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—25 head Masterson & Kershaw 9½@10½c; 13 J Kauffman, Lancaster co, do, 9½@10½; 52 J Smith & Co, Va, 10½@11; 9 E Phillips, Berks co, 9½@10½; 14 S Rhoads, Bucks co, 9½@10½; 7 B Young, Md, 5½@7; 7 J Heffeltine, Lancaster co, 9@10; 17 — Shirkey, do, 10@10½; 5 H Hutton, do, 10@10½; 25 J Cann, Ohio, 10@10½; 30 A Kennedy, Chester co, 9@10½; 15 Coates & Trainer, do, 8@10½; 43 I Abrahams, Pa, 8@10; 17 C E Miller, do, 9@10; 15 — Shelby, Chester co, 8@9½; 14 B C Baldwin, do, 9½@10½; 10 — Stambaugh, Bucks co, 8@9. Sheep—5000 at market, and sold at $4@5 ₱ head, equal to 9@10c ₱ lb dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—13 head R Neely, Chester co, 9@10½; 64 G Adams, Ohio, 9@10; 23 Witmer, Lancaster co, 9½@10½; 17 Kirk, Chester co, 9@10; 4 B Hood, do, 9½@11; 11 P McFillen, do, 9½@10½; 14 W Alexander, do, 9½@10½; 8 Seldomridge, Lancaster co, 9@10½; 27 McCall & Cochran, do, 9@10; 59 McCall & Cochran, Va, 9@10½; 36 A Groff, Lancaster co, 9@10½; 40 S Miller, do, 9@10½; 27 Seldomridge, Ohio, 9@10½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 5.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has advanced; sales of 19,500 bbls at $5,60@5,80 for State, $5,70@5,80 for Ohio, and $6,25@6,60 for Southern. Wheat buoyant; sales of 30,000 bush at $1,50 for red, and $1,75 for white. Corn has an advancing tendency; sales at 87c for mixed, and 84@85c for yellow. Pork heavy at $17,37½@17,95 for Mess, and $13,25 for Prime. Lard steady at 11¾@12c. Whiskey dull at 27½@28c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	—
" " new	103	—
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allegh'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	92½	—
" 5 " coupon	—	93½
" 5 "	92	92½
Tenn 6 pr ct	—	94½
" 5 " coupon	90	91
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	86½	86½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ga. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	141	—
Philadelphia	124½	126
Far & Mec	58½	60½
Commercial	51	—
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	—	39½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	—	30
Kensington	46½	—
Girard	12½	12¾
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27	27½
Commerce	65	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	46	—
Consolidation	25	—
Commonwealth	22½	—
Corn Exchange	24	—
Girard Exchange	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g Exchange	58	—
Kentucky Ky.	116	—
Northern "	124	125
Louisville "	110	113
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	98
Planters "	105½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	1	—
N America Ins'nce	—	14
N Liberties Gas	30½	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	60	—
Bonds	—	61
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101½	101¾
2nd "	93	93½
stock Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	117½	118
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	92½	93
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '86	77½	—
stock	24½	25
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	89½
stock	48	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	37½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	97½	—
Ches Val R R	78	80
Tioga R R	75	80
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70½	71
2d "	—	57
stock	—	9½
Catawissa	4½	—
Beaver Meadow stock	58	58½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	9½
6 pr ct loan	67½	68
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	52½	53
6 pr ct loan		100
Minehill R R	50½	50½
Har and Lan R R stock	60	—
bonds '85	94	96
L. Schuylkill R R stock	21	23½
Long Island R R stock	11	—
bonds	82½	84
Erie R R stock	11½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centre "	84½	—
Michigan Central "	47	48½
Illinois "	99½	—
Michigan Southern	18½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72½	73
Imp. 6 pr ct	77	78
stock	9½	10
preferred	19½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	51
mort 6 pr ct	89	100
scrip "	—	33
Morris Canal'd	47	—
preferred	104½	105
Ches & Del bonds	—	50
Union bonds	77½	—
Susq & Tidewater bonds 1878	2	2½
	33½	35
	3	3½
	33	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ½ dis
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ½ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

This is a complaint very common, especially among females. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS never fails to cure this disease. The system, under its use, is restored to its original strength and vigor; the appetite becomes good, the spirits become cheerful, and in body and mind you feel the full restoration of health. For sale by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th of Oct. by the Rev. J. B. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE C. HALLELL, to Miss EMMA L. MOYNE, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. L. H. Christian, Mr. W. H. STOKES, to ANNIE, daughter of Chas. Bradfield, Esq. both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, Mr. JAMES F. WOOD, to Miss SALLIE F. COYLE, both of Christian Hundred, New Castle county, Delaware.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Armstrong, Mr. PETER CAMPBELL, to Miss ELIZABETH GRIER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, ISRAEL MILLER, of Berks county, to LYDIA ECKER, of Chester county.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Chas. A. Baer, JOHN F. VOLLMER, to EMMA, daughter of George Shipler, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. Bishop, the Rev. HENRY H. BODINE, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, to Miss ANNA W. EARLEY, daughter of Jas. W. Earley, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, LUCRETIA WEST, aged 16 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE HARRISON, aged 69 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MARGARET LOGAN, aged 25 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Wm. Clark.

On the 1st instant, JOHN REYNOLDS, aged 57.

At Germantown, on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANN HUSTON, aged 58 years.

On the 28th ultimo, JACOB S. ANDERSON, aged 37 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM GERMAN, aged 76 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ALEXANDER MCCLOUD, aged 28 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE PIERCE, aged 59 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ELIZA, widow of the late Mackey Divine, aged 40 years.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Have just opened a choice assortment

OF

PARIS EMBROIDERIES,

CONSISTING OF

RICH TRIMMED SETS,
CAPES, CORSAGES,
CAPES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

ALSO,

REAL LACE SETS

OF BRUSSELS POINT GAZE,
POINT APPLIQUE,
VALENCIENNES AND HONITON,
BLACK CHANTILLY VEILS,
BARBE POINTS, and
MANTILLAS,

WITH

EVERY VARIETY OF LACE,

BY THE YARD.

809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

ONE HOUR

Is all the time required to keep the hair of any lady or gentleman, of a brilliant brown or black color, for the space of

ONE YEAR,

If CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE be the article used for that purpose.

EIGHT MINUTES

Only are consumed in applying it, and the brilliant and truly natural tint imparted to the hair, whiskers or moustache, lasts at least

SIX WEEKS.

No wonder that this Dye is displacing all others, both in this country and in Europe.

☞ Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. CRISTADORO,
mar12-eow3t No. 6 Astor House, New York.

WONDERFUL, STRANGE.—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism by a few hours' practice, and 200 other mysteries sent to any person, postage paid, for 50 cents.
Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.—DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, the great curer of Consumption, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl. This prescription, given him by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia.

An engraving is here given of the principal herb employed in this medicine, and all of the ingredients are to be found in any Drug Store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person, on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.
Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City,
mar12-2t New Jersey.

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 2,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
se16-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

A RARE AND CHEAP BOOK.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDUSTRY;
OR,
1000 CHANCES
TO MAKE MONEY.

1 Vol., Cloth, good Paper, 420 Pages. Price $1,25.

This unique book, just published, is the *only one of the kind*, and must not be judged by any other. It is a Commentary on all kinds of profitable business, and shows how Fortunes were made in ancient times and in modern times; How to Get the First Thousand Dollars; and treats of the most Profitable things to labor at, and the art of Living Well and also Cheaply. It then presents Chance after Chance to MAKE MONEY—in preserving Meats, raising Stock in Texas and Mules in the West; in planting Cotton, Sugar, Flax, Tobacco, &c.; in new Plants and Plantations, in Oils, in Cocoa, Coffee, Indigo, Cassava, Coco-Nuts, Chances in the West Indies, Chances in Timber, Oysters, Fruits, Vegetables, the best modes of Packing Butter, Beef and Pork; Chances in Commercial speculations, new fields of Adventure, Chances in Manufactures, in Farming and in Mining; *what things to* INVENT *that will pay;* Chances in California, and miscellaneous Chances of great variety, with an APPENDIX, containing

VALUABLE SECRETS AND RECEIPTS,

Including Rarey's Method of Taming Horses, and Soyer's Cheap Soups.

Every intelligent man who has his fortune yet to make, or young men to settle in business, ought, by all means, to own this book. It contains vast deal of information about things that every man ought to know, though but few do know. The Publishers trust that the reputation of their house is sufficient guarantee that this is none of the trashy affairs of the day. It can be examined at *any store where books are sold* in the United States or the Canadas, or will be mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
22 and 24 North Fourth St., Philada.

P. S.—Enterprising men can do well in selling this book in every county. *Discount liberal.*
mar12-tf

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND:

Twelve Pages of Popular Music for 10 Cents.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is filled with the best Piano Solos, Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Waltzes, and every other species of musical composition for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers; printed on full-sized music-paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

The same quantity of music, procured from the regular publishers would cost more than ten times what we charge.

A year's subscription to "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," will secure new and fashionable music, worth at least TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

Yearly, $5; Half Yearly, $2,50; Quarterly, $1,25.

The Volume commenced on the 1st of December, 1858. C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
mar12-4t 13 Frankfort Street, New York.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

OPTICAL AND MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A large assortment of Spectacles, Spy Glasses, Magic Lanterns, Opera Glasses and Microscopes, Stereoscopes in every variety, with one of the largest assortment of Views ever offered in Philadelphia, of Groups, Landscapes, Flowers, Shells, &c.—Views on glass, of Egypt, Italy, Holy Land, France and America, White Mountain, Niagara, West Point, and vicinity of Philadelphia.

Cases of Mathematical Drawing Instruments for Schools and Engineers—Philosophical Apparatus, &c., for sale by JAMES W. QUEEN,
924 Chestnut St., near Tenth.
☞ Catalogues gratis. feb12-5t

SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* An Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, FIVE PER CENT. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.
se16-26t

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.
N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them.
jan29-3t

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
jan15-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

SOMETHING NEW.—AGENTS WANTED. Business honorable.—Will pay a weekly salary from $18 to $30. Small capital required. No "humbug." For particulars, inclose stamp, and address A. B. MARTYN,
dec4-26t Plaistow, New Hampshire.

SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.—The *genuine article*, and only cure for DEAFNESS! Also, JACKSON'S PILE and TETTER EMBROCATION. For sale by D. JAYNE & SON,
jan1-eow1f 242 Chestnut St., Phila.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages of particulars, gratis.
feb5-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
333 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Publisher of Music and Music Books,

DEALER IN

Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Organ Accordeons, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionetts, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments (for bands), Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC, from all the publishers in the United States; Bertini's, Huntin's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly Bound; Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandise, at THE LOWEST PRICES.

NEW PIANOS, at $175, $200, $225, $250, and up to $500; SECOND HAND PIANOS, from $25 up to $160; NEW MELODEONS, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; SECOND HAND MELODEONS, from $30 to $80; ALEXANDRE ORGANS, with five stops, $150, nine stops, $185 and $225, thirteen stops, $250, $275 and $300, fifteen stops, $320 and $375. ALEXANDRE ORGAN ACCORDEONS—a new instrument just imported—price $30 and $35. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied at the usual trade discounts. PIANOS AND MELODEONS FOR RENT, and rent allowed if purchased within a specified time. Monthly payments received towards the purchase of Pianos, Melodeons and Organs.

SABBATH-SCHOOL BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY THIS HOUSE.

THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, No. 1, contains 32 tunes and hymns. Price 3 cents each, $2 per hundred.
THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, No. 2, contains 36 tunes and hymns. Price 3 cents each, $2 per hundred.
THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, No. 3, contains 50 tunes and hymns. Price 4 cents each, $2 per hundred.
THE ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK, combining Nos. 1 and 2, with several additional pieces, contains 75 tunes and hymns. Price 8 cents each, $5 per hundred.
THE REVIVAL PENNY MUSIC BOOKS Nos. 1 and 2. No. 1 contains 18 tunes and hymns. Price one cent. No. 2 contains 36 tunes and hymns. Price 3 cents each, $2 per hundred. Postage one cent each.
THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL, contains 151 tunes and hymns. Price 12 cents each, $8 per hundred, postage 2 cents each; elegantly bound, 20 cents each, $15 per hundred.
THE WESTMINSTER COLLECTION OF SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS AND TUNES, for the Sabbath-Schools of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York, contains upwards of 150 tunes and hymns; it is beautifully bound. Price 20 cents each, $15 per hundred; in paper covers, 12 cents each, $8 per hundred. Where 500 copies are ordered the name of the school or church will be put on if desired.
CONGREGATIONAL SINGING—SATANIC OPINIONS OF IT—from intercepted Letters. An eight page Tract. Price 25 cents per dozen, $1,50 per hundred. mar5-3t

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

AGENTS $4 TO $10 PER DAY!!—New Articles of Utility, Novelty, Beauty, and Saleability, demanded in every Family, Office, and Manufactory. Presenting Honorable and Profitable Inducements for Merchants, Postmasters, and Traders, either Local or Travelling, throughout the Union. Books containing descriptions, terms, references, and notices, mailed *free*, on application to
S. J. BESTOR,
Importer of Watches and Manufactering Jeweler,
No. 34 South 3d St.,
feb-eow6t Philada., Pa.

MONEY MADE—PRIVATE INFORMATION GAINED—CONTENTMENT SECURED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
mar5-2t DR. J. M. PRICE, Brazil, Indiana.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
ARTICLE FOR THE HAIR.

COCOINE.

PREPARED FROM HIGHLY PURIFIED
COCOANUT OIL.

THIS preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair and also restoring its naturally luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

PHALON & SON,

Nos. 197, 407 and 197 Broadway, New York, where all letters will receive attention, and the article safely put up and sent. Pint bottles, 50 cents; half-pints, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents.

jan 22-3m

WANTED! AGENTS, EVERYWHERE, to sell by subscription some of the *best* Religious, Historical and Biographical Books published. Active and industrious Young Men, having but a small capital, will find this business very pleasant, and affording a profit of from $2,00 to $3,00 per day. Our publications are adapted to supply the Literary wants of every family, and contain no objectionable matter whatever.
For full particulars, address
LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
feb19-10t No. 224 N. Second Street, Phila.

☞ *Something New!*
Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $15 to $30 weekly. **No Humbug.** *Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.*
E. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.
feb26-4t

STATEMENT
OF THE
ASSETS
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Office, N. W. Cor. Walnut and 4th Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1859.

Cash in Tradesmen's Bank, and on hand,	$17,825 15		
Cash in hands of Agents,	2,421 17		
Aggregate amount of Cash Items,			$20,266 32
Number of Shares of Stock of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:			
	Par Val.	Market Val.	
250 Shares Pa. Railroad,	$12,500 00	$10,675 00	
150 Shares N. Pa. Railroad,	7,500 00	1

Wit and Humor.

SEVEN SEENS IN A ROWDY'S HISTORY.

BY A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

The boy named karrickter,
Does in his time play many curus parts
At correspondin ages. First a Sucker,
Peart and rambunkshus in his mother's arms,
And then a sassy yungster, with his clam-shell
Crammed with terbacko, swearin all the way
To nearest common skool. And then the Short Boy,
Also a-chawin of his joosy salad
And smokin like a furniss. Then perchanst,
A Fillibuster, bairded like a gote,
Full of gin cock-tails and of brandy slings,
Trainin by moonlite, carryin revolvers
Or grapa a hafe brick in a stockin slung,
Or spring back nife, and reddy to "go in"
And "make a muss" at corner groceries,
Disturbin the perlesce. And then a Loafer,
Rum soked and raggid, shuffin throo the streets,
Full of bad thorts, wulfy and dangerus,
And so he gits "played out." Then Seen the Sixt—
Mebbee the Tooms, a-waitin for his tryall
Without a shyster frend to put him throo,
Bekase he's nary brad. The bitter end
Of the onfortnit Rowdy's History
Ken easier be imagend than described—
Nix funds, *nix* frends, *nix* hope, *nix* everything.

NOT A DROP MORE THOUT IT'S SWEETENED.

We meet this tale on its rounds. We are not sure we have not seen it before. But it will bear repetition, if it is old.

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in northwestern Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the southwest, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of "sperits" in the back room, and to treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired.

Fillens and Dewberry were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated; and they had for a customer a clever, rollicking old fellow, named Joe Denny, who drank whiskey in preference to water always, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh" in that particular.—The old couple would come in town, trade quite freely, and as freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have named.

On one occasion both the old man and old woman continued their potations inordinately; and as Fillens observed that his goods went better the drunker the old woman became, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused, unless he would sweeten it with a little store "sugar." Fillens indulged her, and when the old people started home in the evening late, the old man could scarcely mount his horse, and the good wife had actually to be lifted and placed on the pillion behind him. Happily, she leaned one way and her husband the other, so that the gravitating point was between them; as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely.

Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when their horse stepped in to drink, the old lady, having reached unconsciousness, released her hold, and quietly lapsed into the stream below.

Occupied with his thoughts the old man did not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly homeward. Arrived there, the children inquired anxiously for "mammy," but the old man could only say that she had been on the "critter," and "the critter hadn't kicked up nary time; so he couldn't say where she mout be;" and threw himself stupid on the bed.

Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling mammy! mammy! but of course no mammy responded.

When they arrived at the creek, the oldest girl shouted,

"Yonder she is, sitting down in the creek!"

And there she was, seated comfortable in the water, which came nearly up to her mouth.—As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting it with some success, the muddy fluid would occasionally wet her lips, and each time it did so, she would faintly exclaim, with a grim effort to smile:

"Not a drop more, Mr. Fillens, 'thout it's sweetened."

And it is to this romantic little incident in the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Denny, that we are indebted for one of our most popular colloquial phrases.

PADDY'S PIG.—I did meet with a few extraordinary mean men in Sydney. There was one, a merchant-prince, who made it a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as I know, he only departed from his extreme selfishness on one occasion, and the circumstances are worth relating: One morning a poor Irishman stepped into his counting-house, and, looking the very picture of misery, said, "Oh! may it please yer honor, I've lost a pig—the *only* pig I had—and misthress ——, the governess, has given me a pound, and sent me to you for another. She says you have enough gold to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give me a little." At first, old hard-fist refused; upon which Paddy threw himself on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of his pig, gave him the pound to get quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the defunct porker was passing the warehouse, and seeing his benefactor at the door, pulled his hat to him. "Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich man, gruffly. "Bought a pig, yer honor, a darling little thing, wid a sweet twist in his tail, like a lady's curl." "Well, it's to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?" "Die of? Did ye say die of, now? Why get out wid ye, *he was so fat I killed him!*"—*Life in Australia. By Frank Fowler.*

☞ It seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the latest intelligence always consists of the earliest news.

THE PLEASANT SIDE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTSISM.

PRETTY COUSIN (*who is a leetle fast*).—"Mornin', Charles! Now then, if you will pop on your hats, and wrap yourself up warm, I'll take you and your friend out for a drive!"

COULDN'T FIND IT OUT.

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and his life has been in by-paths and out of the way places. His mind is characterized by the literalness rather than the comprehensive grasp of great subjects. Mr. Slocum can, however, master a printed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and manages to gain a few glimpses of men and things from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work. A few evenings since, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which had happened at the factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I d'clare, wife, that was an awful accident over to the mills," said Mr. Slocum.

"What was it about, Mr. Slocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, then you'll know all about it."

Mr. S. began to read:

"*Horrible and Fatal Accident.*—It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakspeare says, 'no traveller returns.'"

("Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.) "Mr. David Jones, a workman, who has but few superiors this side of the city, was superintending one of the large drums, ("I wonder if 'twas a brass drum, such as has 'Eolubust Unum' printed on't," said Mrs. Slocum,) when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution. ('Poor creeter, how it must have hurt him!') When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones's arms and legs were macerated to a jelly; ('Well, didn't it kill him?' asked Mrs. S., with increasing interest;) portions of the duramater, cerebrum, and cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and the wife seized the opportunity to press the question.

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know—haven't come to that place yet—you'll know when I've finished the piece." And Mr. Slocum continued reading.

"It was evident when the shapeless form was taken down that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed, that's what I want to come at?" said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience, old woman," said Mr. Slocum, eyeing his better half over his spectacles, "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading: "This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narration was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?"

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it's curious, but really the paper don't say."

PHILOLOGICAL ANECDOTE.—The College Record, a print published by the students of the Western Reserve College, tells this good story, illustrating the comparative flexibility of the Latin and English languages:

"You will observe from this word," continued the Professor, "the great flexibility of the Latin language. 'Pater' is a father, and here we have 'Patruus,' an uncle on the father's side, and 'Propatruus' means a great uncle on the father's side. Can you make any such change in our language? Pater, Patruus, Propatruus—father—is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?"

"I don't think of any," replied a hopeful young philologist, "unless you can get him to marry your aunt."

A HERO.

Miss Pardoe, in a recent work, relates the following interesting anecdote:—At the battle of Montmirail, a young officer, named Durosier, chanced to be in attendance on the Emperor at the moment when it became essential to despatch an order to one of the Generals of Division; and Napoleon, hastily summoning him to his side, gave him instructions to deliver it without delay.

"Spare neither yourself nor your horse, sir," he said sternly; "for there is not a moment to lose, and return at once to report to me that my order has been obeyed."

Durosier galloped off amid a shower of shot and shells, and within a quarter of an hour he was again beside the Emperor. His duty was performed.

"You have behaved well, monsieur," said Napoleon, when he had received his report; "you have a stout heart, and a clear head, though you are still only a youngster. I give you a captain's brevet, and attach you to my person. What is your name?"

"Durosier, sire."

"It seems familiar to me. On what occasion have I before heard it?"

"I was the colonel of the boy battalion, your majesty."

"Ah! I remember. Well, that is an additional reason why I should attach you to my person."

"It is too late, sire," murmured the young soldier.

"Too late, Captain Durosier,—and why?"

"Sire, they have hit me;" and as he spoke, he withdrew a handkerchief saturated with blood from the breast of his coat. "All will soon be over—*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!*"

He reeled for an instant in his saddle, and then fell heavily into the arms of an officer who had sprung forward to support him. Timoleon Durosier was a corpse.

"So young!—so young!—and so brave!—and to die on his first battle-field!" exclaimed the Emperor, as he bent down, for an instant, over the body. "Poor boy! Poor boy!"

Then setting spurs to his charger, he galloped off, as if unable to linger over so sad a spectacle. —*Episodes of French History.*

TITLED COOKS.—Prince Talleyrand, that consumate diplomatist, whose dinners had a European reputation, did not amuse himself, it is true, with holding the handle of the frying-pan, but he was accustomed to visit his larder every morning. And have we not still more august examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette delighted in making her own creams and cheeses at Trianon. Who again does not know the history of the omelette at Malmaison? The Empress Josephine was amusing herself one day with her ladies of honor with the manufacture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napoleon entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrassment the Empress experienced in turning the omelette, he took the pan from her hand, saying, "I will show you, ma bonne amie, how to turn an omelette: this is the bivouac fashion." And at the same moment he gave the pan that little twist so well known to all cooks; but the disobedient omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her august spouse, said to him, with a charming smile, "Your majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to turn omelettes."

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS, OLD STYLE.—Pleasant stories are told of such interviews. In one case we know a young lad, clever enough, indeed, but very timid and tremulous, was told to attend the next morning at ten to be examined in arithmetic by an old chief clerk, "a great arithmetician," like Michael Cassio or De Morgan. Trembling with fear, the young candidate entered the next day the gruff presence of the terrible examiner. "Sit down, sir," roared a voice of thunder. Then, after a painful pause, "Now, sir, attention, I shall examine you in arithmetic." "Shall I not have pen and pa——" "No, sir," thundered out the tyrant's voice. "Attention! how much are two and two?" Paralysed by the voice and the sudden question, the youth stared, and then gasped out quite seriously, "Four, sir."—"Quite right, sir," roared out the examiner, slapping him on the back; "you'll do, sir." And the old humorist walked out of the room. This ended the examination in arithmetic.

Agricultural.

CROTON POINT VINEYARDS.

Travellers on the North River frequently have occasion to observe the beautiful vineyards of Dr. Underhill, spread over the low peninsula known as "Croton Point," near Sing Sing, though but few are aware of their extent and productiveness. Favored by nature, and improved by long, systematic culture, Croton Point has gained a name which is always associated in New York with fruit of the finest flavor; and now that the attention of the proprietor is being more carefully directed to the production of pure wine, (though not to such an extent as to curtail the supply of fruit for the market,) Dr. Underhill's vineyard will soon enjoy a wider reputation.

The number of acres at Croton Point now covered with vines, is about fifty; the old apple orchards bordering upon the original vineyard having gradually given place to the grape, which is a sure crop. Not a single failure has taken place since grape-culture was commenced, some twenty five years ago. Besides, grapes are more remunerative as a crop—the demand being restricted only by the inadequate supply, at from fifteen to twenty cents per pound. Latterly, since physicians have had greater hesitancy in prescribing imported wines for their patients, Dr. U. has been urged to set apart a large proportion of his crop for wine manufacture; and thus far with results beyond anticipations, as regards the demand for local consumption.

Many families, also, which have been accustomed to use foreign wines for domestic purposes, now give the preference to American, being less apprehensive of deleterious effects. Probably, in future years, the manufacturer of such wines will be largely increased. A farm located two and a half miles from Croton Point, purchased a few years ago, is now being converted into vineyards. The process of manufacture adopted, is that in vogue in Germany and France, from whence a number of laborers, and others skilled in the business, have been procured. As a consequence, the wine produced has a close resemblance to the wines of Germany, being quite unlike that of the fictitious wines flavored with sugar and chemicals to suit what is called the American taste. Comparatively few, in fact, are aware that natural wines, unmixed with brandy or sugar, have a flavoring commonly described as "sour," or that the *cream tartar* of commerce is the purified sediment of wine casks. The prevalent ignorance on this subject operates as a premium for adulteration. Dr. U. dispenses with all foreign substances, except that in a few instances the acidity of new wines has been neutralized by adding small quantities of sugar—producing an article which is commonly considered more palatable than other varieties.

The soil at Croton Point is nearly a pure gravelly sand, presenting the appearance of land totally unfit for cultivation; but to render it most productive, a compost is used, formed from the decayed vegetation of the woodland, mixed with coarse potash and the liquid refuse of stables. Dr. U. is of opinion that the old exhausted soils of Virginia, for example, are admirably adapted to grape culture, and might easily be covered with luxuriant vineyards, contributing an incredible amount to the productive resources of the State. The intelligent wine-grower invariably selects lands of that character. The mode of cultivation adopted at Croton Point, is, to set the vines either in Spring or Fall, placing them seven feet apart, in rows six and a half feet from each other, which allows of about one thousand to the acre. In this respect it differs from the practice either in Cincinnati or Germany, where two thousand five hundred to the acre are not unusual; but ample space and a free circulation of air are regarded as essential to the health of the vine. Fruit does not appear until the third summer. In regard to the preparation of the ground, thorough ploughings, are found to answer every purpose. The vines are supported by stakes until after the first crop, when a permanent trellis is formed by running three wires across chestnut posts, about eleven feet in height. Close pruning is observed, and of the fruit which forms, at least three-fourths are cut away. Thus the strength of the vine is economized, and wholly applied to the production of full sized, juicy and highly-flavored fruit. By this mode, in brief, New York is supplied with a choice luxury, in continually increasing quantities; and invalids, who require a nourishing stimulus, have a resource to which they may always apply, without any fear of hastening their dissolution through the artifices of accomplished impostors.—*Journal of Commerce.*

PLANTING TREES.

As the proper season is now approaching for transplanting trees, a few hints to new planters will not be out of place.

I. Have your ground in good heart, and see that it contains a sufficient quantity of the matter necessary to the growth of such trees as you are about to plant. Apples require lime, pears phosphate of lime, or bone dust. Good wheat land is well adapted to the growth of apples, and poor soil should never be laid out for an orchard.

II. Let the land be high; lowlands are liable to spring frosts, and the fruit blossoms are often blighted by them. High situations are also more easily drained, which is absolutely essential to the well-being of the trees.

III. Plough the ground *deep* before planting. A slight scarifying of the soil will do no good. Dig the holes for the trees deep, if the ground is not naturally loose. Fill up with the surface soil around the roots, placing each rootlet in the most natural position. Do not use any barnyard manure.

IV. In selecting trees, choose such varieties as are of well-known excellence, and that are adapted to your peculiar locality. *Young, healthy* plants are better than large ones, and bear removal much better. A large tree costs more in the nursery, but the small one, with like care, will, in a few years, often outgrow it.

V. The shorter time your plants are out of the ground, the more likely they will be to live. If the rootlets are not allowed to get dry, the tree will be almost sure to grow; but if these get dried up, the chance of success is less. Some trees will not bear exposure of their roots for any great length of time, and live.—*Ohio Farmer.*

CURE FOR SCAB IN SHEEP.—I have had this disease break out several times among my sheep, and have never failed in effecting a cure by the application of tobacco juice. If taken in time, the cure is quite easily effected; but if allowed to spread among the flock, it is a work of considerable labor. Wash the parts affected with a pretty strong decoction of tobacco, and repeat every two or three days until the skin of the animal resumes a healthy state. It is a sure cure. An extensive farmer in this vicinity, who kept several hundred sheep, had the scab among his flock, and allowed it to be spread so extensively that many of them were covered with the eruption to the ears and eyes, and the only way that he could devise to make a speedy cure was to fill a large cask with the decoction, and immerse each sheep, merely allowing a sufficient portion of the head out for breathing. No time should be lost; apply the remedy immediately. —*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

HORSES' MANE AND TAIL FALLING OFF.—S. T. G. asks: "What is the best remedy for a gradual thinning of a horse's mane and tail? My horse is perfectly healthy, and in constant work; his mane and tail seem to be gradually falling off, and the hair is easily broken."—Rub into the roots of the hair, two or three times a week, a mixture of three parts spirits of turpentine, and one of tincture of cantharides.—*London Field.*

Useful Receipts.

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather highly with salt and pepper, working them into the butter a little; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives is very penetrating, and gives to the fowl a rich, gamey character, which is very pleasant. We recommend this dressing, and testify to our personal high appreciation of its delicacy.—*Exchange.*

BLACK REVIVER FOR FADED MOURNING DRESSES, BLACK COATS, &c.—Take two pints of water, and boil in it the following ingredients until it is reduced to one pint: two ounces of Aleppo galls, in powder; two ounces of logwood; one ounce of gum arabic; then add one ounce of sulphate of iron. Let it evaporate to a powder. Another receipt: gall, eight ounces; logwood, one ounce; green vitriol, one ounce; iron filings, one ounce; sumac, one ounce; vinegar, one quart.

METHOD OF RESTORING THE COLOR OF DARK BLUE (OR ANY OTHER COLORED) SILK OR RIBBON.—Mix together half a pint of gin, four ounces of soft soap, and two ounces of honey; then with a sponge (dipped in the above liquid) rub the silk or ribbon. After which rinse it in two waters, containing two or three teaspoonsful of ox gall, which will brighten the faded color, and prevent its running. The silk or ribbon should not be wrung, but well shaken, and hung up smoothly to dry; and afterwards, it should be mangled while damp. Not only dark blue, but the most delicate colors, may be treated in this way with perfect satisfaction. In fact, they will have all the appearance of new.—*G. M. F. G.*

TO CLEAN SILK.—Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp in water, and pass the liquid matter through a coarse sieve in another vessel of water; let the mixture stand undisturbed till the fine white particles of the potato are precipitated; then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve it for use. The article to be cleaned should be spread upon a linen cloth upon a table, and washed with a sponge dipped in the potato liquor, until the dirt is perfectly separated, then rinsed in clear water several times. Two middle-sized potatoes will be sufficient for one pint of water.

DOMESTIC RECIPE.—The more tea you put in the pot, the stronger the water will be. Families we visit will please try it.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 11, 4, 18, was a scribe.
My 2, 7, 13, was a son of Benjamin.
My 3, 16, 15, 5, 7, was a son of David.
My 4, 8, 5, 7, 16, was a King of Egypt.
My 5, 7, 24, 11, was a King of Israel.
My 6, 18, 14, 5, 24, 3, was a grandson of Noah.
My 7, 16, 19, 7, 2, 5, was a King of Samaria.
My 8, 1, 2, 12, was the name of a well at which Isaac's herdmen watered their flocks.
My 9, 24, 13, 12, 16, 4, was a portion of the inheritance of the Children of Dan.
My 10, 1, 5, 13, 18, 7, was a prophet.
My 11, 2, 22, 18, 6, 7, 5, 7, was the name of a valley in Palestine.
My 12, 16, 22, 5, 7, was a Duke of Edom.
My 13, 19, 1, 18, 5, 7, 5, 9, was a son of Jacob.
My 14, 18, 7, 20, 7, 18, 4, was a Prince of the Children of Judah.
My 18, 9, 2, 11, was a Prince of the Midianites.
My 18, 11, 4, 2, 9, was a Captain of Saul's host.
My 19, 8, 23, 9, was the name of the mount in which Esau dwelt.
My 20, 13, 18, 2, 22, 24, was a Captain of the armies of Canaan.
My 22, 8, 7, 16, 11, was a city in the land of Judah.
My 23, 9, 13, was a grandson of Benjamin.
My 24, 11, 23, 5, 7, was a son of Samuel.
My whole was a King and country mentioned in one of the Books of Kings.

Centre Valley. H. W. REINHARD.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 9, 25, 2, 21, 29, 8, is a capital in Europe.
My 16, 17, 27, 29, 15, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 10, 29, 28, 6, 2, 30, is a river in Asia.
My 1, 28, 15, 7, 19, 21, 6, 30, 29, is one of the United States.
My 12, 5, 14, 13, 20, 11, 23, is a country in South America.
My 13, 4, 19, 26, 27, 30, 31, 29, is an island of Polynesia.
My 18, 19, 3, 15, 31, 7, 8, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 22, 12, 3, 18, is one of the oases of the Great Desert.
My 24, 4, 6, 18, 9, 25, 20, 6, is a celebrated volcano in Europe.
My whole is a celebrated curiosity, together with the name of the State and county in which it is located. ABRAM W. MOHLER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 12, 14, 13, 9, 5, 11, is not often seen.
My 21, 18, 23, 9, 25, 7, is what many men would like to be.
My 6, 13, 29, 18, 13, 21, is what every man has.
My 25, 31, 15, 6, 9, 31, 10, 28, is often captured.
My 19, 14, 3, 27, 13, 4, 9, 18, 7, 11, is what every person has.
My 29, 23, 27, 13, is what every circus has.
My 1, 25, 13, 24, 6, 31, 15, is often found.
My 16, 10, 8, 29, 18, 13, 28, has caused death.
My 26, 23, 31, 14, is what most of us have.
My 22, 23, 30, 18, 13, is what business men always have.
My 19, 2, 17, 20, is what bill-posters always do.
An account of my whole can be found in the history of the United States.

Belleville. E. H. E. A.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters two,
Without a doubt you will ocasion it;
I am a simple word, and you
With little skill can straightway guess it.

My first erase, and you will find
What proves to be a useful plant,
Extensively used by mankind,
The truth of which I'm sure you'll grant.

Erase my second, and you'll see
What may be called a self-made name
Though no more hints I'll give to you,
But leave you now to guess the same.

St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article; my second is a verb; my whole is the name of a male.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters five,
Which form a body not alive;
Erase my first, and you will find
That I'm a part of all mankind;
Erase my first two if you wish,
And you will have a kind of fish;
Erase my first three at your pleasure,
And I will be a certain measure.
I often travel by night and day,
Yet I cannot see a single ray.

Hornby, N. Y. MYRON A. EDDY.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The difference in the products of the area of a parallelogram, when multiplied by the larger or the shorter side thereof is 2268, and the proportion that these two sides themselves have to each other is as 7 to 4. Required—the area? DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ A MUSICAL CONUNDRUM.—What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Ans.—Fiddle D. D.

☞ Why is fish-peddling, morally considered, an objectionable business? Ans.—Because one sells much that he knows has been *hooked*.

☞ LATEST FROM CHINA.—Why is wit like the foot of a Chinese lady? Ans.—Because brevity is the *sole* of wit.

☞ THE LAST AND WORST.—Why is a man who has made his last conundrum like a young lady who has not read "Lalla Rookh!" Ans.—Because—(ahem!)—he *knows no Moore!*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—St. Paul's church, Broadway, New York. PROFESSIONAL ENIGMA—Sir William Blackstone. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Benjamin West. CHARADE—Benjamin (Ben-jam-in.) CHARADE—Suicide—(Sui-cide.) ANAGRAMS—Unfortunate, Pennsylvania, Entered, District, Humor, Eastern, Congress, Act, According, Coffee, Court, Stone, Magic, West.